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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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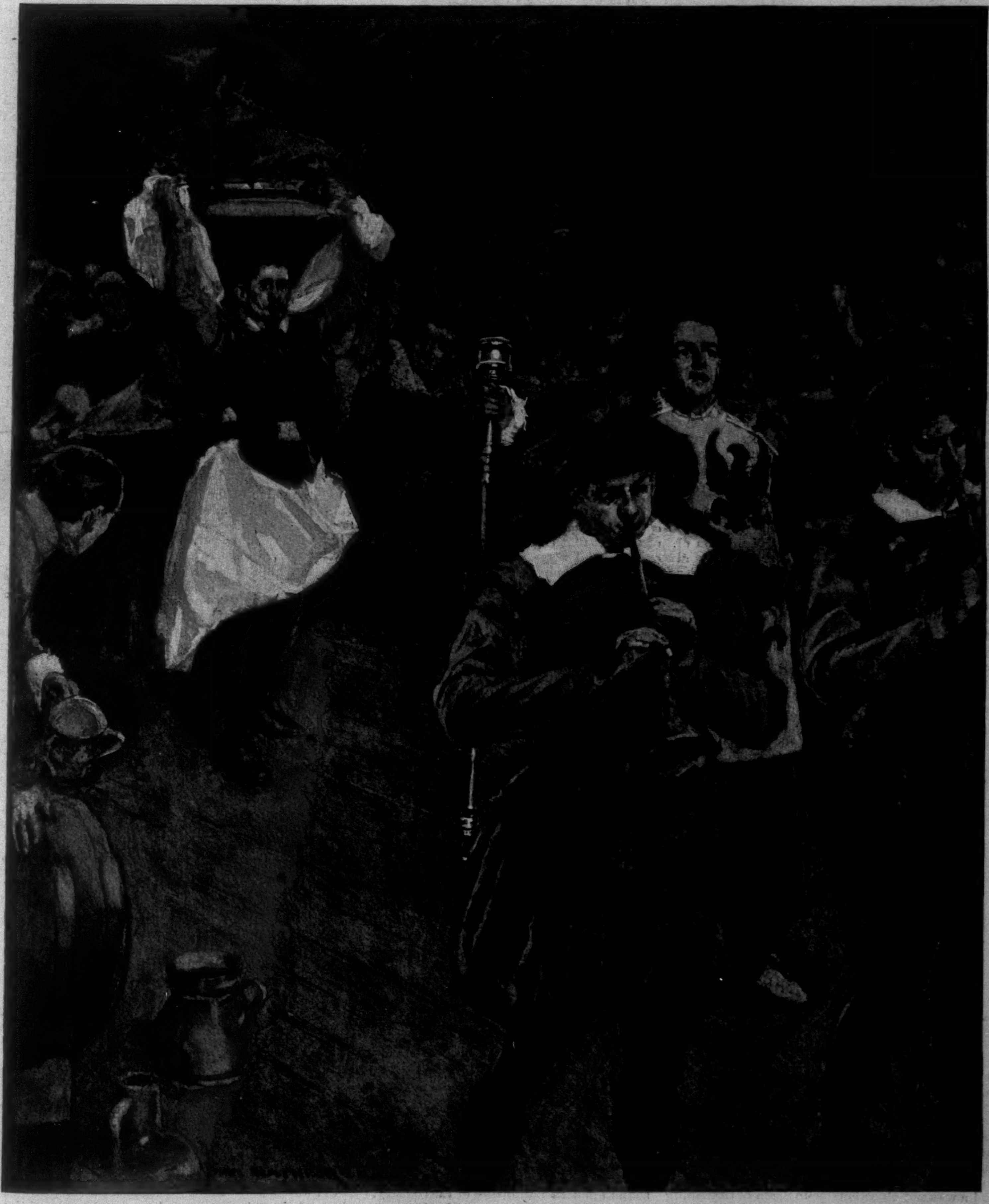

BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD.

A quaint old Christmas Custom at Queen's College, Oxford.—Drawn by W. Hatherell.—[See Page 1251.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Thirty-six Pages.)

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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S LAST MESSAGE.

THE message sent to Congress by President Cleveland on December 7, which may be called his valedictory, was addressed to the representatives of the American people and to the country under very peculiar circumstances. It began with words of congratulation on the strength and excellence of our free institutions, and the fitness of our citizens to enjoy popular rule, as manifested by the manner in which the late Presidential election had been conducted, and in which its results had been generally accepted. Although the President did not say so in terms, we may, without any stretch of imagination, read between the lines that he meant to congratulate the country upon the result of that contest itself. It is without precedent that a President should feel himself compelled to rejoice at the victory of the party which had opposed him at his own election, and yet nothing could under existing conditions be more natural. For it is also without precedent that a President was abandoned and assailed by the regular organization of his own party for having remained true to those convictions of public duty which he was universally known to entertain when he was nominated and elected, and which it was then certain he would never forsake. Thus the President's apparently strange position is owing only to the best traits of his character, and to the most heroic and patriotic services he has rendered to his country. What is called President Cleveland's political isolation is in fact no isolation at all; for, while the regular organization of his party has disgracefully run away from him, he has behind him the respect and confidence of good citizens, without distinction of party, in greater strength than ever before; and the words he addresses to them are listened to as words coming not from a partisan, but from an unselfish and tried patriot.

What the President said about our foreign relations contained much wise counsel. In discussing the Armenian troubles, while admitting that it is our duty to protect American citizens in their person and property, and while assuring us that this was being done, he deprecated the idea, fostered by some, that we must consider it our business to right all the wrongs of the universe. As to Cuba, he showed clearly that the state of facts which would justify the recognition of the insurgents as a belligerent power did not yet exist; that under international law Spain had rights which it was our duty to respect, and that now to provoke a war with Spain by arbitrary interference in favor of the insurgents, however short or easy such a war might be, would be a departure from the just and peaceable policy which so far had distinguished this republic. He admonished us to consider that while peace might not be necessary to us, it was always to be desired; and that, our territory being fully sufficient for our wants, we should banish the thought of aggrandizement by conquest or by seizing what belonged to others. At the same time he gave notice to the world that the United States would not permit Cuba to pass into the hands of any other European power, which unquestionably is the traditional policy of this republic; nor could we forever stand by with folded arms to see an important island so near to us wholly devastated by an endless conflict, which would also inflict irreparable injury upon the property owned by our own citizens there, as well as upon the commercial interests of this country generally. He informed Congress that for these reasons he had intimated to the Spanish government some months ago that "if a satisfactory measure of home-rule were tendered the Cuban insurgents, and would be accepted by them upon a guarantee of its execution, the United States would find a way not objectionable to Spain of furnishing such guarantee"; that while no definite response to this intimation had been received from the Spanish government, it was believed not to have been entirely unwelcome, and that, in any event, "the friendly offices of the United States, either in the manner above outlined or in any way consistent with our Constitution and laws, will always be at the disposal of either party."

The policy of our government thus revealed to the world has already met with a favorable reception by some influential organs of public opinion in Europe; and it is certain that the offer of our friendly offices will command greater confidence the more clearly it is understood that they are free from any wish or design of territorial aggrandizement on our part.

The President had the satisfaction of announcing the final settlement of the Venezuela difficulty, which, after his fiery message to Congress a year ago, threatened calamitous consequences. There is reason for hoping that the manner in which this settlement has been effected will serve to avert from the United States further responsibilities for the doings of our restless South-American sister republics. More gratifying still is the announcement that a general arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain is on the point of conclusion, and that thus an example will be set to the world which by its moral influence may be expected greatly to contribute to the maintenance of the peace of mankind. Nothing will reflect more lasting honor upon President Cleveland's name than this achievement.

The larger part of the message he devoted to an exposition of the present state of the business of the various departments of the national government, as the President will turn them over to his successor. He had especial reason to congratulate the country upon the progress of civil service reform under his administration, of which he could truthfully say that "it has survived the doubts of its friends and the rancor of its enemies, and has gained a permanent place among the agencies destined to cleanse our politics, and to improve, economize, and elevate the public service." Without doing injustice to any of his predecessors, it may well be affirmed that President Cleveland has overtopped them all in the furtherance of this great work. More than one-half of all the public servants under the national government who are under the civil service rules, and thus withdrawn from the reach of spoils politics, have been put there by him. But he has done more than that. By the Executive order of May 6, 1896, he laid down the general principle that every subordinate place in the administrative part of the national government is to be treated as being under the civil service rules, unless specifically excepted. It is like a formal proclamation of the fact that civil service reform has passed its experimental stage, and that to be governed by the merit system is the normal status of every subordinate public employment. The value of this great onward stride cannot be overestimated, and President Cleveland's name will forever stand in the very foremost rank of the champions of this salutary reform.

What he said in his message about trusts and monopolistic combinations was a timely admonition addressed rather to the country than to Congress, and should be well heeded in times like these. Congress should remember, however, that such monopolistic combinations may be combated not only in the courts, but by the withdrawal of the advantages which excessive tariff rates afford to them. The closing sentences of the message sounded like an appeal to the judgment of posterity. As to that judgment President Cleveland need not be troubled. History will be more just to him than his party has been.

THE PRESIDENT ON CURRENCY REFORM.

That part of the President's message which deals with the national finances is necessarily brief, and does not disclose the opinions and recommendations of Secretary Carlisle. This is due to the delay in the transmission of the Secretary's report to Congress, a delay which we believe has been unavoidable, and which will be found not without advantage to the fulness and thoroughness of the report. Mr. Cleveland, however, speaks, though briefly, with no uncertain sound concerning what he calls "the weakness and vices of our financial methods."

As the President argues, one of the evil-working relics of the civil war is the greenback, which, to use his own words, is "not only unsuited to our present circumstances, but manifestly a disturbing menace to business security and an ever-present agent of monetary distress." The President holds, and in doing so agrees with the large majority of the sound financial authorities of the country, that the greenbacks ought to be retired. He says, and we believe says truly, that "we can have no assured financial peace and safety until the government currency obligations upon which gold may be demanded from the Treasury are withdrawn from circulation and cancelled." It has been said both by critics who stick in the bark, and by others who would rather put the administration in the wrong than be right themselves, that gold was borrowed by the Secretary of the Treasury for the purpose of meeting a deficiency, and that the money obtained by the issue of $262,000,000 in bonds was used for the purpose of paying the current obligations of the government. This is not strictly true, however.

Gold disappeared from the Treasury because the credit of the government was tainted. Extravagant Congresses had made appropriations in excess of the income of the government, and by reason of the passage of the Sherman silver act of 1890, and of votes showing that a majority of the Senate favored the free coinage of silver, the commercial world was led to fear that the country was about to become silver monometallic, in which event our securities would disappear from the lists of those of the gold states of Europe, to take their place with those of the silver states, like Mexico, China, and Japan. Gold, therefore, began to disappear. It had itself to perform the functions of exchange on account of the rise in the value of bills of exchange. It was used to pay our obligations and to take up our securities held abroad. It became the subject of speculation, bankers drawing bills of exchange and exporting gold to honor them. It was also drawn by our own citizens and hoarded. The extent to which this was done is indicated by the return of gold to the banks since Mr. Bryan's defeat, and by the occasional employment of gold instead of paper in small transactions, gold in this country being an unusual medium of exchange. The Treasury stock was most available to those who wanted gold because it was only necessary to present greenbacks and the gold was forth-coming. Moreover, if gold should command a premium in the market, the Treasury gold could nevertheless be obtained at par in exchange for greenbacks. It is true that the government received currency by this exchange, but it is also true that it exchanged actual value for fiat value; and, besides, the very nature of the transaction was a cloud upon its credit. The moment that it failed to respond to a demand for gold in return for greenbacks, that moment its paper would fall below par. What we say here of the greenbacks is true also of the Treasury notes of 1890 and of the silver certificates. It became essential, therefore, for the maintenance of the value of the greenbacks and other paper currency of the government that the Treasury should be always ready to respond to any demand that might be made upon it for gold. Therefore it was essential to borrow gold on the only bonds that the law authorized. It is true that some of the gold was employed to pay current expenses, because the government is bound to employ all the money it may have for the purpose of meeting its obligations. Primarily, however, the gold was borrowed to save the credit of the greenbacks. So long as the greenbacks exist the government is in danger of a return of this impotency in the presence of its own demand paper, and Mr. Cleveland is therefore justified in saying that "we can have no assured financial peace and safety until the government currency obligations upon which gold may be demanded from the Treasury are withdrawn from circulation and cancelled."

There are two ways for retiring this government paper, either of which is practicable and defensible. Bonds may be issued to take up and retire the greenbacks, or the greenbacks may be redeemed in gold, and the silver notes replaced with silver coin, whenever that can be done without disturbance to financial interests. The only question is between a frank acknowledgment of the fact and an issue of long-time and low-rate bonds, or a continuance of the shuffling and evasive policy which has necessitated, and may necessitate again, the issue of comparatively short-time and high-rate bonds.

We are inclined to think that the second method for ridding ourselves of the greenbacks is the better one. If the government should announce that it would redeem in gold and cancel the greenbacks on presentation for that purpose, the greenbacks would very gradually disappear from circulation and their places would be taken by gold coin.

Finally, we agree entirely with the President in the statement that

> "the entire case may be presented by the statement that the day of sensible and sound financial methods will not dawn upon us until our government abandons the banking business, and the accumulation of funds, and confines its monetary operations to the receipt of the money contributed by the people for its support, and to the expenditure of such money for the people's benefit."

In this paragraph is summed up the philosophy of the financial situation so far as it affects the government, and it is to be hoped that Congress will find time and inclination to consider the President's recommendations in a patriotic and nonpartisan spirit, and to act upon them.

THE EXTRA-SESSION RUMOR.

It is clear that, with a prospective deficiency of $78,000,000, something ought to be done by Congress for the purpose of raising revenue or for decreasing expenditures. The financial situation and the President's views as disclosed in the message have been discussed in another column, and what we wish to consider now is the rumor that Mr. McKinley has already determined to call an extra session of Congress for the purpose of enacting a tariff bill that shall increase rates of duty.

We shall not now consider the political aspects of such a purpose, although they ought to be considered by the incoming President, in view of the aid that he and his party received from Democrats who are diametrically opposed to him on the tariff question. It is in view of other substantial reasons against the enactment of a high-tariff act that we are inclined to doubt if Mr. McKinley will call Congress in special session for that purpose. If he is disposed to do so now, it may be that better counsel will prevail with him before the time comes for him to act, and that he will be led to see that the country will be much better off during the next summer if commercial and business interests are not threatened by tariff agitation. Such an agitation will not only disturb trade, and prevent the continuance of the business revival of which we already see the signs, but the chances of the election of an anti-administration House of Representatives in 1898 will be greatly increased.

The present law imposes very high taxes, but they are nevertheless lower than the rates of the McKinley act. Under the existing law, in the first year of its operation, the customs receipts exceeded by $20,000,000 those collected under the McKinley act in the last year of its operation. In the next year, 1896, the customs receipts exceeded by nearly $30,000,000 those collected under the McKinley act in 1894. Moreover, if the McKinley act had continued in operation, the government would not have received the duties that have been collected on raw sugars, and would have been obliged to pay the bounties to domestic sugar-growers. The duties on raw sugars amount to about $54,000,000, and the bounty paid to Louisiana and other sugar-growers would average about $12,000,000 a year. Therefore, with the McKinley act, the government would this year have lost $54,000,000 in revenue, and would have been obliged to add $12,000,000 to its expenditures. In a word, with the McKinley bill in operation, the expected deficiency for the fiscal year 1897 would be at least $144,000,000 instead of $78,000,000. This estimate is favorable to the McKinley act, for it is clear that importations would not be as large under that act as they have been under the Wilson act.

No tariff act can well be devised that will impose higher duties than those of the present law and greatly increase revenues. A decrease of duties would doubtless increase revenues, but an increase of duties would benefit some manufacturers without providing needed funds for the Treasury. As for the Dingley bill, hardly any one thinks of it as a revenue-raising measure. Mr. Dingley thinks that it would produce $40,000,000 of additional revenue, but the best opinion is that it might give the government from $12,000,000 to $14,000,000 additional revenue, while at the same time causing a derangement of trade involving the loss of hundreds of millions to private citizens.

In view of all this, Mr. McKinley ought not to call an extra session of Congress for the purpose of raising tariff duties. If the present Congress does its duty, it will retrench in its appropriations, and will provide other means for raising revenue than through increased tariff taxes. But it is essential to the commercial and political well-being of the country that there should be no further talk of an extra session for tariff legislation. It would be better to trust to the present law for revenue than to disturb the country with new tariff fears.

THE CUBAN REBELLION.

To appreciate the present situation in Cuba it is necessary to glance back at Spain's attitude towards her colonies during the fifty years that have elapsed since the freedom of the last of the South American republics was established. The same errors and shortcomings which led to the revolt of the South American colonies have principally contributed to cause the present uprising in Cuba. Spain learned nothing from the lessons she received at the beginning of this century. In her treatment of Cuba two courses were open to her—(1) to develop the material resources of the island, and be content with the indirect profits accruing from a wealthy colonial possession united to the mother-country by ties of blood and mutually satisfactory commercial relations; (2) to consider Cuba as a temporary field of operations wherewith to enrich an exacting metropolis by every political, administrative, and commercial means, and without regard for the interests of the island. She chose the latter.

Protest against this iniquitous official system of administration in Cuba has never been lacking of recent years, forcible examples being the insurrections of 1850, of 1851, of 1854, the ten years' war from 1868 to 1878, and, last and most formidable of all, the existing rebellion. Cuban hopes were raised high when the peace between Spaniards and insurgents was signed at Zanjon in 1878, and it was thought that the policy of *realidad nacional* would be abandoned for more equitable and rational methods of administering colonial affairs. But these hopes were doomed to disappointment, and in their place sprang up the longing to break away from Spanish rule. Impartial history will fix the whole responsibility of the present rebellion on the Spanish government and the Spanish nation, for the reason that throughout Spain it is customary only to consider Cuba as a means to an end, in the satisfying of all kinds of selfish ambitions and political aims.

But it is in the economic, rather than the political, conditions that we find the key of the present situation. Agriculture is the main-stay of Cuban life and wealth. The abolition of slavery in 1878 without compensation to the slave-masters was a severe blow to Cuban sugar-producers; but the high standard of prices then ruling went far to counterbalance the drastic effects of this measure. It was not until 1884 that the full force of the storm broke over Cuba. In that year the fall in the value of sugar brought about a crisis, which showed clearly that if the Cuban sugar industry was to hold its own against bounty-fed beet-root a complete reorganization in the mode of production was a necessity. Old-fashioned methods were then cast aside, and a system of extensive central plantations was substituted at a great cost. But unhappily the admirable qualities that wrought the reforms have been neutralized and thwarted by the colonial policy of the Spanish government.

In 1890 addresses were sent to the home government by the majority of the agricultural and economical associations of the island, stating in a clear and concise manner the actual facts of the case, and proposing certain remedies to mitigate the existing circumstances. To emphasize and give greater weight to these written memorials, an important delegation of prominent men was sent to Madrid, there to plead personally the cause of Cuba. But these efforts were fruitless of all beneficial result. Spain turned a deaf ear to every remonstrance; she has, indeed, rather aggravated the evils then complained of than made any redress of the grievances put forward. Under this tyrannical pressure the mass of the population lost all faith in oft-repeated promises of reforms in laws and administration, and became almost indifferent to any purely political questions. In spite of all these disheartening elements, the Cubans struggled to preserve their sugar industry, hoping against hope that relief in some form would happen to their aid. During the five years from 1890 to 1895 the system of great central factories was perfected, and, technically, has been a complete success; financially, however, the factories have, with few exceptions, proved ruinous failures, due in great measure to the unjust economic conditions imposed by Spain on the colony.

The true result of the existing economic conditions is that the whole of the Cuban industrial profits are, by one means or another, annually transferred to Spain. The means employed for transferring these industrial profits are many and various, chief amongst them being the issue of Cuban bonds, the iniquitous laws regulating the foreign commerce of the island, and the secret exactions of a thoroughly corrupt administration, composed for the most part of officials whose one dominant idea is to make as large an amount of money in as short a time as possible, and with smallest exertion or application to steady work. There are of course exceptions to this rule, but they are few and far between. With regard to the Cuban bonds, the Cubans argue that no part of the so-called public debt has been spent in Cuba for the advancement of colonial interests, and that the whole amount is the outcome of naval and military expenditure for the purpose of keeping the inhabitants in a condition of economic slavery, or that it has been the direct result of deficits between revenue and expenditure caused by Spanish stealings and Spanish misgovernment. Hence those in favor of separation from Spain do not consider that Cuba should in any way be saddled with a heavy annual taxation for the service of these obligations.

The pitiable economic conditions thus briefly described gradually induced a feeling of despair amongst the Cuban population of the island; and this, approaching desperation at the close of 1894, culminated in an outburst of armed revolt in February, 1895. The Cuban leader Marti and his associates had been carefully feeling the pulse of the country for a long time previous to that date. Marti was convinced that Cuban sentiment was ripe for the rising, and he struck his first blow in the full confidence that the country would respond to his appeal.

The history of the rebellion since the standard of revolt was first raised, on February 24 of last year, has been an extraordinary example of almost unparalleled success where success seemed almost impossible to achieve.

The Spanish army has proved totally incapable of inflicting any permanent check to the rebellion. Probably this is due, to a great extent, to the faulty plan of military operations hitherto attempted. An army of 220,000 men would seem to be ample for all needs in the ordinary course of events. But the Spanish idea of a military occupation of Cuba was wrongly conceived, and is being wrongly executed. The authorities omitted to calculate the strength of the passive resistance of the Cuban people, and this is one of the most important factors of the situation. Nearly every Cuban not in the fighting ranks of the rebellion is at heart a rebel. He may not openly take up arms against the government, but he will not assist the troops in any way, whereas he is always ready to help his countrymen by every means in his power, and can be depended upon for information concerning the movements of any troops in his vicinity. In warfare such as that in Cuba assistance of this nature is of the very highest importance. The Spaniards are fully aware now of what is passing in this matter, and for this reason have ordered country people to concentrate in the towns; but these same country people know full well that they cannot subsist in the towns, and consequently an enforcement of the order for concentration simply leads to the male population deserting their farms and openly joining the rebellion. Had the military occupation been accompanied hand-in-hand by large-minded measures of reforms in the economic administration of the island there would have been a fair prospect of success attending the efforts of Spain to restore peace and quiet. Force of arms alone offers very little hope that tranquillity will again be established within any reasonable time.

A great mistake is made by the Spanish government in their treatment of such prisoners as fall into their hands. These men are invariably tried by summary court martial and shot. Several hundreds have been executed in this manner. Such extremely drastic measures are doubtless in accordance with Spanish law, but they are hardly in conformity with the usages of civilization.

The present position of the contending parties in Cuba has varied very little for six months past, the Spanish holding the principal towns, whilst the interior of the country is occupied by the rebels. Columns of troops are now and again marched through the inland districts, and an occasional skirmish occurs with the insurgents, but there has been of late very little severe fighting. Another *trocha* is being constructed across the island, from Jucaro to Moron, near the frontier of Puerto Principe, the idea being to put obstacles in the way of the free passage of insurgents from the eastern to the western provinces. Large bodies of rebels have, however, passed through these lines in the course of the last few days. All the energies of General Weyler are concentrated on the province of Pinar del Rio. It is on the complete subjection of Pinar del Rio before the end of December that the Spaniards pin all their hopes. The Spanish impression is that once Pinar del Rio is subjugated the reconquest of the remainder of the island is an easy matter. People who know this country thoroughly hold a very different opinion on the subject.

The mode of warfare adopted by the rebels is doubtless of an antiquated and crude type, but it does not merit the hasty condemnation so constantly bestowed upon it. The Cubans cannot obtain the means to fight the Spaniards according to the rules of modern warfare; they have neither the men nor the war material for doing so, and guerilla tactics are obviously their only chance of success. The destruction of property may appear to be wantonly cruel at first sight, but it is part of the insurgent plan of campaign, and the weakness of the Spaniards is demonstrated by the fact that they are not able to prevent this destruction. What, however, is patent to all who take the trouble to watch Cuban affairs is that the rebel tactics have, on the whole, been completely successful during the last twenty-one months, and in this fact lies the chief excuse for their continuance in the future.

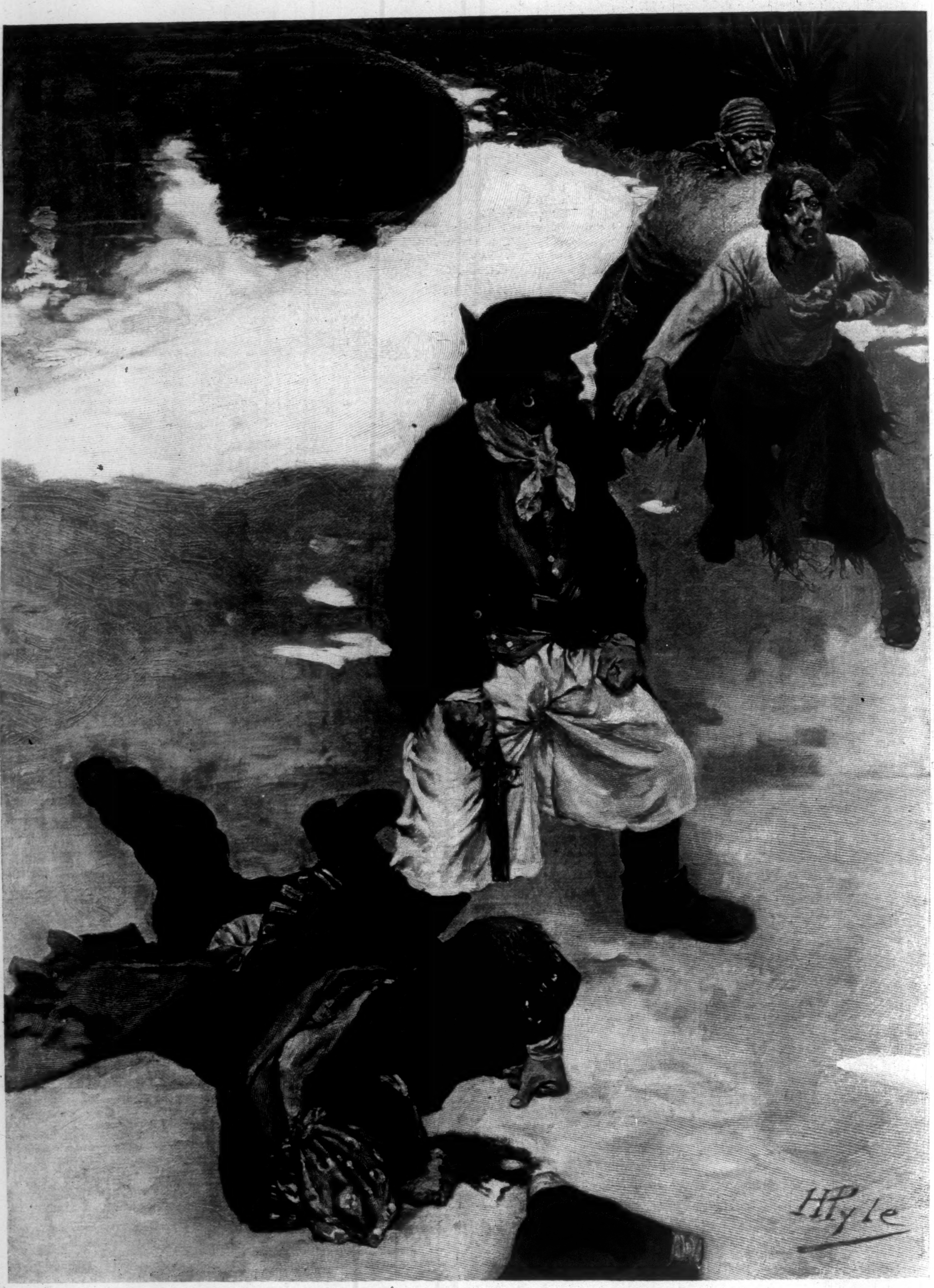
Of course the Spaniards very truly say that they are terribly handicapped by the number of men on the sick list. This is so; but such a contingency should have been duly allowed for in considering the preparations for the military operations. There are now in Havana not less than 20,000 military invalids, chiefly from Pinar del Rio and the province of Havana. Some 14,000 to 15,000 of these men are under treatment in hospital, the remainder in a convalescent stage. The principal causes of suffering are yellow fever, paludic fevers, malaria, dysentery, and small-pox. The number of wounded in proportion to those invalided for other causes is relatively small. Throughout the whole army the number of men unfit for duty exceeds 40,000. The hospital accommodation and service are totally inadequate to meet the demands made upon them at the present time.

And if Spain does succeed in reconquering the island, what does this reconquest entail? A war of from two to three years; a money expenditure of not less than $300,000,000; the sacrifice of the lives of 50,000 Spanish soldiers. That is what the reconquest implies to Spain. To Cuba it means the slaughter of the greater part of the Cuban male population, the ruin of every industry in the country, with small hope of any speedy revival; the necessity of remaining for generations at least under the baneful influence of the policy of *la realidad nacional*. No reasonable person can doubt that Spain will allow no change in her political and economical policy towards Cuba if she is successful in finally quelling the rebellion. Even now murmurs are heard in the peninsula of the compensation to be enacted for the sacrifices now being made to crush the rebels—in other words, Cuba for the Spaniards, not for the Cubans.

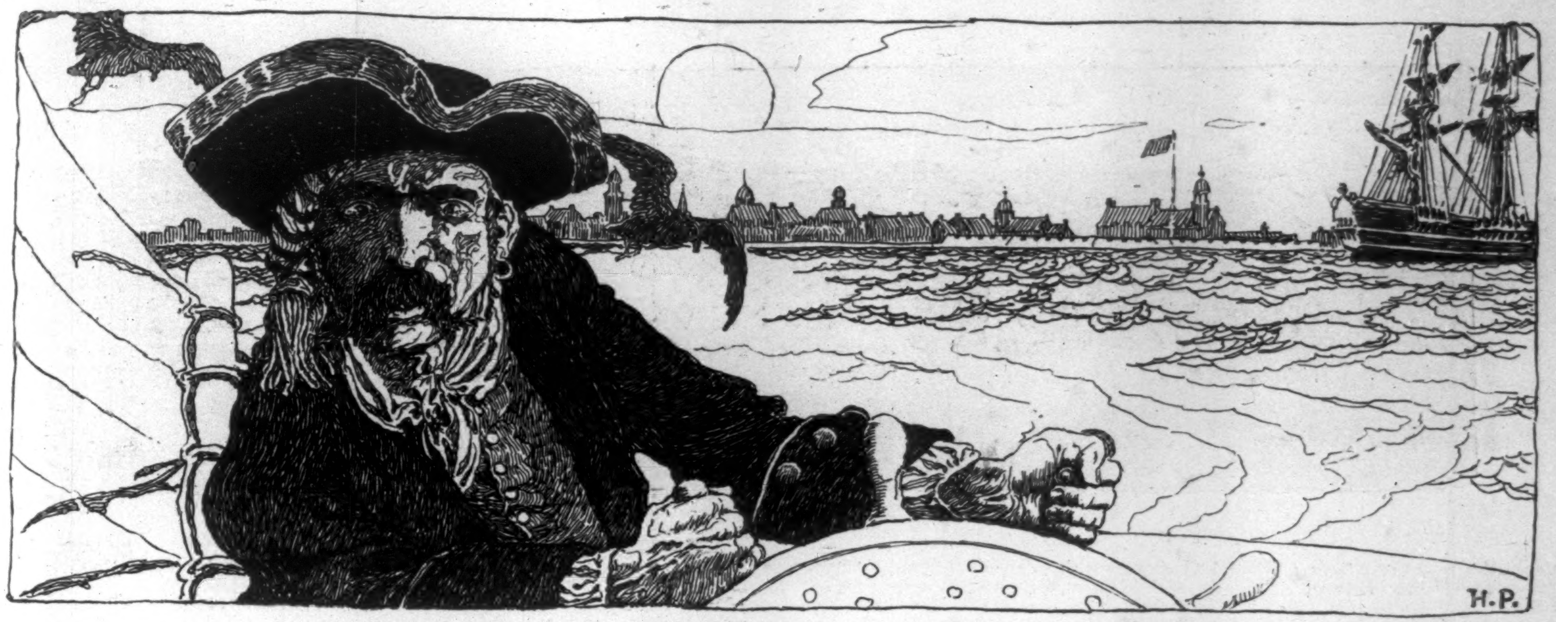
What the Spaniards do not understand, or, at all events, will never acknowledge, is that Spanish rule, according to the Spanish system of application, is detrimental rather than beneficial to the Cuban people, and that the Spanish regulations concerning commerce, as they now exist, are a distinct hinderance to the development of the natural resources of Cuba.

What is wanted in Cuba is peace, and none wish for this more fervently than the Cubans. But it is difficult to see how this consummation is to be obtained in the immediate future. The Spaniards seem determined not to give way; the Cubans are prepared to endure any sufferings and privations to rid themselves of Spanish dominion. Two possibilities present themselves, however, to solve the question and bring this disastrous and unhappy struggle to an end. The first is that European bankers may absolutely decline any financial assistance to Spain, and, moreover, put pressure upon her in connection with outstanding obligations. Should this occur, Spain would have to alter her attitude in the Cuban question. The greater part of the recent patriotic loan subscribed by the Spaniards must go towards paying the obligations contracted by the government to the banks of Paris and Pays Bas, the Bank of Spain, and the Compañia Transatlantica. In January a fresh loan will be necessary, and possibly another $50,000,000 may be raised internally. But this amount will exhaust the temper of the Spaniards for any further advances, unless on some very exceptional security, and then only for a limited amount. Without money Spain cannot continue the war under present conditions. The second possibility is that the United States may intervene in some form or another for the protection of the valuable trade between Cuba and North America. The natural markets for all Cuban products are in the United States, both for buying and selling. So much so is this the case that the Cuban Chambers of Commerce have repeatedly declared, in their published memorials, that the economic centre of Cuba is the United States. As an example of how the trade between the two countries has suffered, it is only necessary to compare the importation of Cuban products into the United States during 1894 and 1896. For the first nine months of the former year the value was $74,488,480; for the first nine months of the latter the amount had dwindled down to $22,726,268. Then, again, there is much and valuable property in Cuba held by American citizens, and this may prove another strong argument in favor of some action by the United States government. It is, at all events, an inducement to act, and may easily be construed into a duty.

C. E. Akers, *Havana*.



"CAPTAIN MALYOE SHOT CAPTAIN BRAND THROUGH THE HEAD."—FROM THE PAINTING BY HOWARD PYLE.



The Ghoſt of Captain Brand

BY HOWARD PYLE.

BEING the Narrative of Certain Extraordinary Adventures that befell Barnaby True, Esquire, of the Town of New York, in the year 1753.

I.

IT is not so easy to tell why discredit should be cast upon a man because of something that his grandfather may have done amiss, but the world, which is never over-nice in its discrimination as to where to lay the blame, is often pleased to make the innocent suffer in the place of the guilty.

Barnaby True was a good, honest, biddable lad, as boys go, but yet he was not ever allowed altogether to forget that his grandfather had been that very famous pirate Captain William Brand, who, after so many marvellous adventures (if one may believe the catchpenny stories and ballads that were written about him), was murdered in Jamaica by Captain John Malyoe, the commander of his own consort, the *Adventure* galley.

It hath never been denied, that ever I heard, that up to the time of Captain Brand's being commissioned against the South Sea pirates he had always been esteemed as honest, reputable a sea-captain as could be.

When he started out upon that adventure it was with a ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, fitted out by some of the most decent merchants of New York. The Governor himself had subscribed to the adventure, and had himself signed Captain Brand's commission. So, if the unfortunate man went astray, he must have had great temptation to do so, many others behaving no better when the opportunity offered in those far-away seas, where so many rich purchases might very easily be taken and no one the wiser.

To be sure, those stories and ballads made our captain to be a most wicked, profane wretch; and if he were, why God knows he suffered and paid for it, for he laid his bones in Jamaica, and never saw his home or his wife and daughter again after he had sailed away on the *Royal Sovereign* on that long misfortunate voyage, leaving them in New York to the care of strangers.

At that time when he met his fate in Port Royal Harbor he had obtained two vessels under his command—the *Royal Sovereign*, which was the boat fitted out for him in New York, and the *Adventure* galley, which he was said to have taken somewhere in the South Seas. With these he lay in those waters of Jamaica for over a month after his return from the coasts of Africa, waiting for news from home, which, when it came, was of the very blackest; for the Colonial authorities were at that time stirred up very hot against him to take him and hang him for a pirate, so as to clear their own skirts for having to do with such a fellow. So maybe it seemed better to our captain to hide his ill-gotten treasure there in those far-away parts, and afterwards to try and bargain with it for his life when he should reach New York, rather than to sail straight for the Americas with what he had earned by his piracies, and so risk losing life and money both.

However that might be, the story was that Captain Brand and his gunner, and Captain Malyoe of the *Adventure* and the sailing-master of the *Adventure*, all went ashore together with a chest of money (no one of them choosing to trust the other three in so nice an affair), and buried the treasure somewhere on the beach of Port Royal Harbor. The story then has it that they fell a-quarrelling about a future division of the money, and that, as a wind-up to the affair, Captain Malyoe shot Captain Brand through the head, while the sailing-master of the *Adventure* served the gunner of the *Royal Sovereign* after the same fashion through the body, and that the murderers then went away, leaving the two stretched out in their own blood on the sand in the staring sun, with no one to know where the money was hid but they two who had served their comrades so.

It is a mighty great pity that any one should have a grandfather who ended his days in such a sort as this, but it was no fault of Barnaby True's, nor could he have done anything to prevent it, seeing that he was not even born into the world at the time that his grandfather turned pirate, and was only one year old when he so met his tragical end. Nevertheless, the boys with whom he went to school never tired of calling him "Pirate," and would sometimes sing for his benefit that famous catchpenny song beginning thus:

> "*Oh! my name was Captain Brand,*
> *A-sailing,*
> *And a-sailing;*
> *Oh! my name was Captain Brand,*
> *A-sailing free.*
> *Oh! my name was Captain Brand,*
> *And I sinned by sea and land,*
> *For I broke God's just command,*
> *A-sailing free.*"

'Twas a vile thing to sing at the grandson of so misfortunate a man, and oftentimes little Barnaby True would double up his fists and would fight his tormentors at great odds, and would sometimes go back home with a bloody nose to have his poor mother cry over him and grieve for him.

Not that his days were all of teasing and torment, neither; for if his comrades did treat him so, why then there were other times when he and they were as great friends as could be, and would go in swimming together where there was a bit of sandy strand along the East River above Fort George, and that in the most amicable fashion. Or, maybe the very next day after he had fought so with his fellows, would go a-rambling with them up the Bowerie Road, perhaps to help them steal cherries from some old Dutch farmer, forgetting in such adventure what a thief his own grandfather had been.

Well, when Barnaby True was between sixteen and seventeen years old he was taken into employment in the counting-house of Mr. Roger Hartright, the well-known West India merchant, and Barnaby's own step-father.

It was the kindness of this good man that not only found a place for Barnaby in the counting-house, but advanced him so fast that against our hero was twenty-one years old he had made four voyages as supercargo to the West Indies in Mr. Hartright's ship, the *Belle Helen*, and soon after he was twenty-one undertook a fifth. Nor was it in any such subordinate position as mere supercargo that he acted, but rather as the confidential agent of Mr. Hartright, who, having no children of his own, was very jealous to advance our hero into a position of trust and responsibility in the counting-house, as though he were indeed a son, so that even the captain of the ship had scarcely more consideration aboard than he, young as he was in years.

As for the agents and correspondents of Mr. Hartright throughout these parts, they also, knowing how that good man had adopted his interests, were very polite and obliging to Master Barnaby—especially, be it mentioned, Mr. Ambrose Greenfield, of Kingston, Jamaica, who, upon the occasions of his visits to those parts, did all that he could to make Barnaby's stay in that town agreeable and pleasant to him.

So much for the history of our hero to the time of the beginning of this story, without which you shall hardly be able to understand the purport of those most extraordinary adventures that befell him shortly after he came of age, nor the logic of their consequence after they had occurred.

II.

For it was during his fifth voyage to the West Indies that the first of those extraordinary adventures happened of which I shall have presently to tell.

At that time he had been in Kingston for the best part of four weeks, lodging at the house of a very decent, respectable widow, by name Mrs. Anne Bolles, who, with three pleasant and agreeable daughters, kept a very clean and well-served lodging-house in the outskirts of the town.

One morning, as our hero sat sipping his coffee, clad only in loose cotton drawers, a shirt, and a jacket, and with slippers upon his feet, as is the custom in that country, where every one endeavors to keep as cool as may be—while he sat thus sipping his coffee Miss Eliza, the youngest of the three daughters, came and gave him a note, which, she said, a stranger had just handed in at the door, going away again without waiting for a reply. You may judge of Barnaby's surprise when he opened the note and read as follows:

"MR. BARNABY TRUE: *Sir*,—Though you don't know me, I know you, and I tell you this: if you will be at Pratt's Ordinary on Harbor Street on Friday next at eight o'clock of the evening, and will accompany the man who shall say to you '*The Royal Sovereign is come in*,' you shall learn something the most to your advantage that ever befell you. Sir, keep this note, and show it to him who shall address these words to you, so to certify that you are the man he seeks."

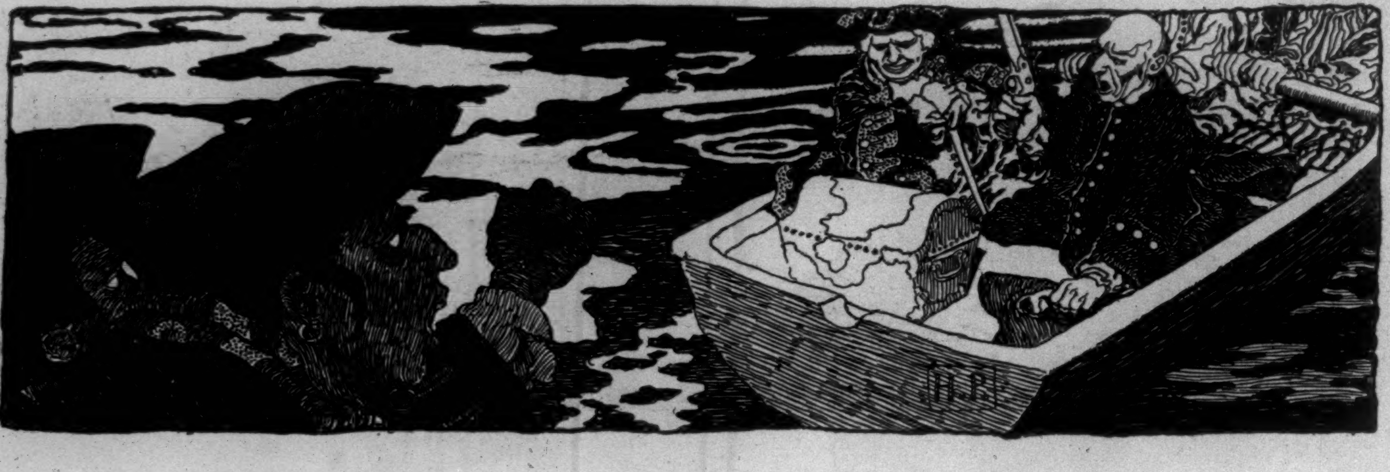
Such was the wording of the note, which was without address, and without any superscription whatever.

The first emotion that stirred Barnaby was one of extreme and profound amazement. Then the thought came into his mind that some witty fellow, of whom he knew a good many in that town—and wild waggish pranks they were—was attempting to play off some smart jest upon him. But all that Miss Eliza could tell him when he questioned her concerning the messenger was that the bearer of the note was a tall, stout man, with a red neckerchief around his neck and copper buckles to his shoes, and that he had the appearance of a sailor-man, having a great big queue hanging down his back. But, Lord! what was such a description as that in a busy seaport town, full of scores of men to fit such a likeness? Accordingly, our hero put away the note into his wallet, determining to show it to his good friend Mr. Greenfield that evening, and to ask his advice upon it. So he did show it, and that gentleman's opinion was the same as his—that some wag was minded to play off a hoax upon him, and that the matter of the letter was all nothing but smoke.

III.

Nevertheless, though Barnaby was thus confirmed in his opinion as to the nature of the communication he had received, he yet determined in his own mind that he would see the business through to the end, and would be at Pratt's Ordinary, as the note demanded, upon the day and at the time specified therein.

Pratt's Ordinary was at that time a very fine and well-known place of its sort, with good tobacco and the best rum that ever I tasted, and had a garden behind it that, sloping down to the harbor-front, was planted pretty



thick with palms and ferns grouped into clusters with flowers and plants. Here were a number of little tables, some in little grottos, like our Vauxhall in New York, and with red and blue and white paper lanterns hung among the foliage, whither gentlemen and ladies used sometimes to go of an evening to sit and drink lime juice and sugar and water (and sometimes a taste of something stronger), and to look out across the water at the shipping in the cool of the night.

Thither, accordingly, our hero went, a little before the time appointed in the note, and passing directly through the Ordinary and the garden beyond, chose a table at the lower end of the garden and close to the water's edge, where he would not be easily seen by any one coming into the place. Then, ordering some rum and water and a pipe of tobacco, he composed himself to watch for the appearance of those witty fellows whom he suspected would presently come thither to see the end of their prank and to enjoy his confusion.

The spot was pleasant enough; for the land breeze, blowing strong and full, set the leaves of the palm-tree above his head to rattling and clattering continually against the sky, where, the moon then being about full, they shone every now and then like blades of steel. The waves also were splashing up against the little landing-place at the foot of the garden, sounding very cool in the night, and sparkling all over the harbor where the moon caught the edges of the water. A great many vessels were lying at anchor in their ridings, with the dark, prodigious form of a man-of-war looming up above them in the moonlight.

There our hero sat for the best part of an hour, smoking his pipe of tobacco and sipping his grog, and seeing not so much as a single thing that might concern the note he had received.

It was not far from half an hour after the time appointed in the note, when a row-boat came suddenly out of the night and pulled up to the landing-place at the foot of the garden above-mentioned, and three or four men came ashore in the darkness. Without saying a word among themselves, they chose a near-by table, and sitting down, ordered rum and water, and began drinking their grog in silence. They might have sat there about five minutes, when, by-and-by, Barnaby True became aware that they were observing him very curiously; and then almost immediately one, who was plainly the leader of the party, called out to him:

"How now, messmate! Won't you come and drink a dram of rum with us?"

"Why, no," says Barnaby, answering very civilly; "I have drunk enough already, and more would only heat my blood."

"All the same," quoth the stranger, "I think you will come and drink with us; for, unless I am mistook, you are Mr. Barnaby True, and I am come here to tell you that *the Royal Sovereign is come in.*"

Now I may honestly say that Barnaby True was never more struck aback in all his life than he was at hearing these words uttered in so unexpected a manner. He had been looking to hear them under such different circumstances that, now that his ears heard them addressed to him, and that so seriously, by a perfect stranger, who, with others, had thus mysteriously come ashore out of the darkness, he could scarce believe that his ears heard aright. His heart suddenly began beating at a tremendous rate, and had he been an older and wiser man, I do believe he would have declined the adventure, instead of leaping blindly, as he did, into that of which he could see neither the beginning nor the ending. But being barely one-and-twenty years of age, and having an adventurous disposition that would have carried him into almost anything that possessed a smack of uncertainty or danger about it, he contrived to say, in a pretty easy tone (though God knows how it was put on for the occasion):

"Well, then, if that be so, and if the *Royal Sovereign* is indeed come in, why, I'll join you, since you are so kind as to ask me." And therewith he went across to the other table, carrying his pipe with him, and sat down and began smoking, with all the appearance of ease he could assume upon the occasion.

"Well, Mr. Barnaby True," said the man who had before addressed him, so soon as Barnaby had settled himself, speaking in a low tone of voice, so there would be no danger of any others hearing the words—"Well, Mr. Barnaby True—for I shall call you by your name, to show you that though I know you, you don't know me—I am glad to see that you are man enough to enter thus into an affair, though you can't see to the bottom of it. For it shows me that you are a man of mettle, and are deserving of the fortune that is to befall you to-night. Nevertheless, first of all, I am bid to say that you must show me a piece of paper that you have about you before we go a step farther."

"Very well," said Barnaby; "I have it here safe and sound, and see it you shall." And thereupon and without more ado he fetched out his wallet, opened it, and handed his interlocutor the mysterious note he had received the day or two before. Whereupon the other, drawing to him the candle, burning there for the convenience of those who would smoke tobacco, began immediately reading it.

This gave Barnaby True a moment or two to look at him. He was a tall, stout man, with a red handkerchief tied around his neck, and with copper buckles on his shoes, so that Barnaby True could not but wonder whether he was not the very same man who had given the note to Miss Eliza Bolles at the door of his lodging-house.

"'Tis all right and straight as it should be," the other said, after he had so glanced his eyes over the note. "And now that the paper is read" (suiting his action to his words), "I'll just burn it, for safety sake."

And so he did, twisting it up and setting it to the flame of the candle.

"And now," he said, continuing his address, "I'll tell you what I am here for. I was sent to ask you if you're man enough to take your life in your own hands and to go with me in that boat down there? Say 'Yes,' and we'll start away without wasting more time, for the devil is ashore here at Jamaica—though you don't know what that means—and if he gets ahead of us, why, then we may whistle for what we are after. Say 'No,' and I go away again, and I promise you you shall never be troubled again in this sort. So now speak up plain, young gentleman, and tell us what is your mind in this business, and whether you will adventure any further or not."

If our hero hesitated, it was not for long. I cannot say that his courage did not waver for a moment; but if it did, it was, I say, not for long, and when he spoke up it was with a voice as steady as could be.

"To be sure I'm man enough to go with you," he said; "and if you mean me any harm I can look out for myself; and if I can't, why, here is something can look out for me," and therewith he lifted up the flap of his coat pocket and showed the butt of a pistol he had fetched with him when he had set out from his lodging-house that evening.

At this the other burst out a-laughing. "Come," says he, "you are indeed of right mettle, and I like your spirit. All the same, no one in all the world means you less ill than I, and so, if you have to use that barker, 'twill not be upon us who are your friends, but only upon one who is more wicked than the devil himself. So come, and let us get away."

Thereupon he and the others, who had not spoken a single word for all this time, rose from the table, and he having paid the scores of all, they all went down together to the boat that still lay at the landing-place at the bottom of the garden.

Thus coming to it, our hero could see that it was a large yawl boat manned with half a score of black men for rowers, and there were two lanterns in the stern-sheets, and three or four iron shovels.

The man who had conducted the conversation with Barnaby True for all this time, and who was, as has been said, plainly the captain of the party, stepped immediately down into the boat; our hero followed, and the others followed after him; and instantly they were seated the boat was shoved off and the black men began pulling straight out into the harbor, and so, at some distance away, around under the stern of the man-of-war.

Not a word was spoken after they had thus left the shore, and presently they might all have been ghosts, for the silence of the party. Barnaby True was too full of his own thoughts to talk—and serious enough thoughts they were by this time, with crimps to trepan a man at every turn, and press-gangs to carry a man off so that he might never be heard of again. As for the others, they did not seem to choose to say anything now that they had him fairly embarked upon their enterprise.

And so the crew pulled on in perfect silence for the best part of an hour, the leader of the expedition directing the course of the boat straight across the harbor, as though toward the mouth of the Rio Cobra River. Indeed, this was their destination, as Barnaby could after a while see, by the low point of land with a great long row of cocoanut-palms upon it (the appearance of which he knew very well), which by-and-by began to loom up out of the milky dimness of the moonlight. As they approached the river they found the tide was running strong out of it, so that some distance away from the stream it gurgled and rippled alongside the boat as the crew of black men pulled strongly against it. Thus they came up under what was either a point of land or an islet covered with a thick growth of mangrove-trees. But still no one spoke a single word as to their destination, or what was the business they had in hand.

The night, now that they were close to the shore, was loud with the noise of running tide-water, and the air was heavy with the smell of mud and marsh, and over all the whiteness of the moonlight, with a few stars pricking out here and there in the sky; and all so strange and silent and mysterious that Barnaby could not divest himself of the feeling that it was all a dream.

So, the rowers bending to the oars, the boat came slowly around from under the clump of mangrove bushes and out into the open water again.

Instantly it did so the leader of the expedition called out in a sharp voice, and the black men instantly lay on their oars.

Almost at the same instant Barnaby True became aware that there was another boat coming down the river toward where they lay, now drifting with the strong tide out into the harbor again, and he knew that it was because of the approach of that boat that the other had called upon his men to cease rowing.

The other boat, as well as he could see in the distance, was full of men, some of whom appeared to be armed, for even in the dusk of the darkness the shine of the moonlight glimmered sharply now and then on the barrels of muskets or pistols, and in the silence that followed after their own rowing had ceased Barnaby True could hear the chug! chug! of the oars sounding louder and louder through the watery stillness of the night as the boat drew nearer and nearer. But he knew nothing of what it all meant, nor whether these others were friends or enemies, or what was to happen next.

The oarsmen of the approaching boat did not for a moment cease their rowing, not till they had come pretty close to Barnaby and his companions. Then a man who sat in the stern ordered them to cease rowing, and as they lay on their oars he stood up. As they passed by, Barnaby True could see him very plain, the moonlight shining full upon him—a large, stout gentleman with a round red face, and clad in a fine laced coat of red cloth. Amidship of the boat was a box or chest about the bigness of a middle-sized travelling-trunk, but covered all over with cakes of sand and dirt. In the act of passing, the gentleman, still standing, pointed at it with an elegant gold-headed cane which he held in his hand. "Are you come after this, Abraham Dawling?" says he, and thereat his countenance broke into as evil, malignant a grin as ever Barnaby True saw in all of his life.

The other did not immediately reply so much as a single word, but sat as still as any stone. Then, at last, the other boat having gone by, he suddenly appeared to regain his wits, for he bawled out after it, "Very well, Jack Malyoe! very well, Jack Malyoe! you've got ahead of us this time again, but next time is the third, and then it shall be our turn, even if William Brand must come back from hell to settle with you."

This he shouted out as the other boat passed further and further away, but to it my fine gentleman made no reply except to burst out into a great roaring fit of laughter.

There was another man among the armed men in the stern of the passing boat—a villanous, lean man with lantern-jaws, and the top of his head as bald as the palm of my hand. As the boat went away into the night with the tide and the headway the oars had given it, he grinned so that the moonlight shone white on his big teeth. Then, flourishing a great big pistol, he said, and Barnaby could hear every word he spoke, "Do but give me the word, your honor, and I'll put another bullet through the son of a sea cook."

But the gentleman said some words to forbid him, and therewith the boat was gone away into the night, and presently Barnaby could hear that the men at the oars had begun rowing again, leaving them lying there, without a single word being said for a long time.

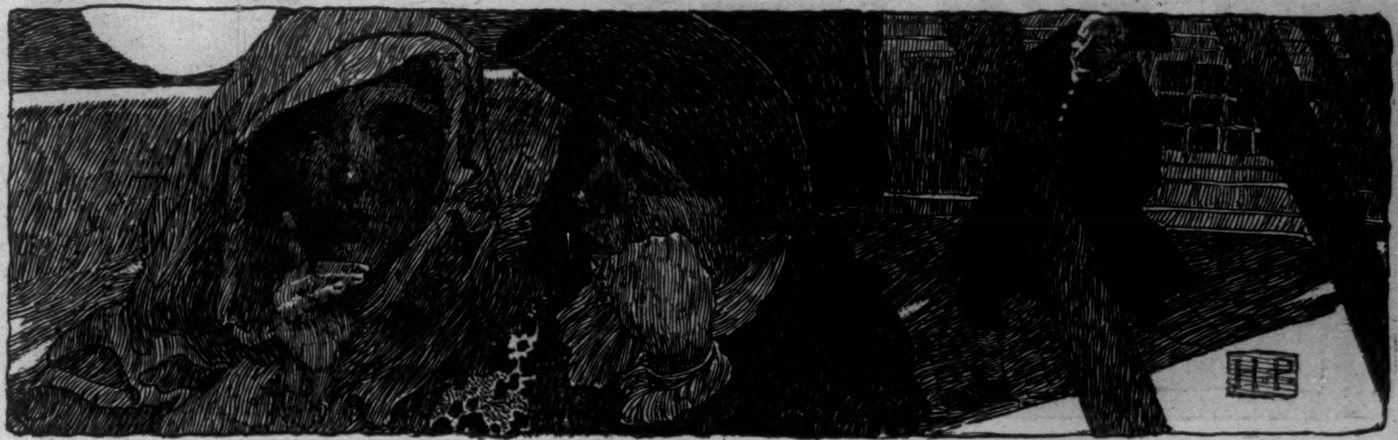
By-and-by one of those in Barnaby's boat spoke up. "Where shall you go now?" he said.

At this the leader of the expedition appeared suddenly to come back to himself, and to find his voice again. "Go?" he roared out. "Go to the devil! Go? Go where you choose! Go? Go back again—that's where we'll go!" and therewith he fell a-cursing and swearing until he foamed at the lips as though he had gone clean crazy, while the black men began rowing back again across the harbor as fast as ever they could lay oars into the water.

They put Barnaby True ashore below the old Custom-house; but so bewildered and shaken was he by all that had happened, and by what he had seen, and by the names that he had heard spoken, that he was scarcely conscious of any of the familiar things among which he found himself thus standing. And so he walked up the moonlit street towards his lodging like one drunk or bewildered; for "John Malyoe" was the name of the captain of the *Adventure* galley—he who had shot Barnaby's own grandfather—and "Abraham Dawling" was the name of the gunner of the *Royal Sovereign* who had been shot at the same time with the pirate captain, and who, with him, had been left stretched out in the staring sun by the murderers.

The whole business had occupied hardly two hours, but it was as though that time was no part of Barnaby's life, but all a part of some other life, so dark and strange and mysterious that it in no wise belonged to him.

As for that box covered all over with mud, he could only guess at that time what it contained and what the finding of it signified.



But of this our hero said nothing to any one, nor did he tell a single living soul what he had seen that night, but nursed it in his own mind, where it lay so big for a while that he could think of little or nothing else for days after.

IV.

Mr. Greenfield, Mr. Hartright's correspondent and agent in these parts, lived in a fine brick house just out of the town, on the Mona Road, his family consisting of a wife and two daughters—brisk, lively young ladies with black hair and eyes, and very fine bright teeth that shone whenever they laughed, and with a plenty to say for themselves. Thither Barnaby True was often asked to a family dinner; and, indeed, it was a pleasant home to visit, and to sit upon the veranda and smoke a cigarro with the good old gentleman and look out towards the mountains, while the young ladies laughed and talked, or played upon the guitar and sang. And oftentimes so it was strongly upon Barnaby's mind to speak to the good gentleman and tell him what he had beheld that night out in the harbor; but always he would think better of it and hold his peace, falling to thinking, and smoking away upon his cigarro at a great rate.

A day or two before the *Belle Helen* sailed from Kingston, Mr. Greenfield stopped Barnaby True as he was going through the office, to bid him to come to dinner that night (for there within the tropics they breakfast at eleven o'clock and take dinner in the cool of the evening, because of the heat, and not at mid-day, as we do in more temperate latitudes). "I would have you meet," says Mr. Greenfield, "your chief passenger for New York, and his granddaughter, for whom the state cabin and the two state-rooms are to be fitted as here ordered [showing a letter]—Sir John Malyoe and Miss Marjorie Malyoe. Did you ever hear tell of Captain Jack Malyoe, Master Barnaby?"

Now I do believe that Mr. Greenfield had no notion at all that old Captain Brand was Barnaby True's own grandfather and Captain John Malyoe his murderer, but when he so thrust at him the name of that man, what with that in itself and the late adventure through which he himself had just passed, and with his brooding upon it until it was so prodigiously big in his mind, it was like hitting him a blow to so fling the question at him. Nevertheless, he was able to reply, with a pretty straight face, that he had heard of Captain Malyoe and who he was.

"Well," says Mr. Greenfield, "if Jack Malyoe was a desperate pirate and a wild, reckless blade twenty years ago, why, he is Sir John Malyoe now and the owner of a fine estate in Devonshire. Well, Master Barnaby, when one is a baronet and come into the inheritance of a fine estate (though I do hear it is vastly cumbered with debts), the world will wink its eye to much that he may have done twenty years ago. I do hear say, though, that his own kin still turn the cold shoulder to him."

To this address Barnaby answered nothing, but sat smoking away at his cigarro at a great rate.

And so that night Barnaby True came face to face for the first time with the man who murdered his own grandfather—the greatest beast of a man that ever he met in all of his life.

That time in the harbor he had seen Sir John Malyoe at a distance and in the darkness; now that he beheld him near by, it seemed to him that he had never looked at a more evil face in all his life. Not that the man was altogether ugly, for he had a good nose and a fine double chin; but his eyes stood out like balls and were red and watery, and he winked them continually, as though they were always a-smarting; and his lips were thick and purple-red, and his fat red cheeks were mottled here and there with little clots of purple veins; and when he spoke, his voice rattled so in his throat that it made one wish to clear one's own throat to listen to him. So, what with a pair of fat white hands, and that hoarse voice, and his swollen face, and his thick lips a-sticking out, it seemed to Barnaby True he had never seen a countenance so distasteful to him as that one into which he then looked.

But if Sir John Malyoe was so displeasing to our hero's taste, why, the granddaughter, even this first time he beheld her, seemed to him to be the most beautiful, lovely young lady that ever he saw. She had a thin, fair skin, red lips, and yellow hair—though it was then powdered pretty white for the occasion—and the bluest eyes that Barnaby beheld in all of his life. A sweet, timid creature, who seemed not to dare so much as to speak a word for herself without looking to Sir John for leave to do so, and would shrink and shudder whenever he would speak of a sudden to her or direct a sudden glance upon her. When she did speak, it was in so low a voice that one had to bend his head to hear her, and even if she smiled would catch herself and look up as though to see if she had leave to be cheerful.

As for Sir John, he sat at dinner like a pig, and gobbled and ate and drank, smacking his lips all the while, but with hardly a word to either her or Mrs. Greenfield or to Barnaby True; but with a sour, sullen air, as though he would say, "Your damned victuals and drink are no better than they should be, but I must eat 'em or nothing." A great bloated beast of a man!

Only after dinner was over and the young lady and the two misses off in a corner together did Barnaby hear her talk with any ease. Then, to be sure, her tongue became loose, and she prattled away at a great rate, though hardly above her breath, until of a sudden her grandfather called out, in his hoarse, rattling voice, that it was time to go. Whereupon she stopped short in what she was saying and jumped up from her chair, looking as frightened as though she had been caught in something amiss, and was to be punished for it.

Barnaby True and Mr. Greenfield both went out to see the two into their coach, where Sir John's man stood holding the lantern. And who should he be, to be sure, but that same lean villain with bald head who had offered to shoot the leader of our hero's expedition out on the harbor that night! For one of the circles of light from the lantern shining up into his face, Barnaby True knew him the moment he clapped eyes upon him. Though he could not have recognized our hero, he grinned at him in the most impudent, familiar fashion, and never so much as touched his hat either to him or to Mr. Greenfield; but as soon as his master and his young mistress had entered the coach, banged to the door and scrambled up on the seat alongside the driver, and so away without a word, but with another impudent grin, this time favoring both Barnaby and the old gentleman.

Such were these two, master and man, and what Barnaby saw of them then was only confirmed by further observation—the most hateful couple he ever knew; though, God knows, what they afterward suffered should wipe out all complaint against them.

The next day Sir John Malyoe's belongings began to come aboard the *Belle Helen*, and in the afternoon that same lean villanous manservant comes skipping across the gang-plank as nimble as a goat, with two black men behind him lugging a great sea-chest. "What!" he cried out, "and so you is the supercargo, is you? Why, I thought you was more account when I saw you last night a-sitting talking with his honor like his equal. Well, no matter; 'tis something to have a brisk, genteel young fellow for a supercargo. So come, my hearty, lend a hand, will you, and help me set his honor's cabin to rights."

What a speech was this to endure from such a fellow, to be sure! and Barnaby so high in his own esteem, and holding himself a gentleman! Well, what with his distaste for the villain, and what with such odious familiarity, you can guess into what temper so impudent an address must have cast him. "You'll find the steward in yonder," he said, "and he'll show you the cabin," and therewith turned and walked away with prodigious dignity, leaving the other standing where he was.

As he entered his own cabin he could not but see, out of the tail of his eye, that the fellow was still standing where he had left him, regarding him with a most evil, malevolent countenance, so that he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had made one enemy during that voyage who was not very likely to forgive or forget what he must regard as a slight put upon him.

The next day Sir John Malyoe himself came aboard, accompanied by his granddaughter, and followed by this man, and he followed again by four black men, who carried among them two trunks, not large in size, but prodigious heavy in weight, and toward which Sir John and his follower devoted the utmost solicitude and care to see that they were properly carried into the state cabin he was to occupy. Barnaby True was standing in the great cabin as they passed close by him; but though Sir John Malyoe looked hard at him and straight in the face, he never so much as spoke a single word, or showed by a look or a sign that he knew who our hero was. At this the serving-man who saw it all with eyes as quick as a cat's, fell to grinning and chuckling to see Barnaby in his turn so slighted.

The young lady, who also saw it all, flushed up red, then in the instant of passing looked straight at our hero, and bowed and smiled at him with a most sweet and gracious affability, then the next moment recovering herself, as though mightily frightened at what she had done.

The same day the *Belle Helen* sailed, with as beautiful sweet weather as ever a body could wish for.

There were only two other passengers aboard, the Rev. Simon Styles, the master of a flourishing academy in Spanish Town, and his wife, a good worthy old couple, but very quiet, and would sit in the great cabin by the hour together reading, so that, what with Sir John Malyoe staying all the time in his own cabin with those two trunks he held so precious, it fell upon Barnaby True in great part to show attention to the young lady; and glad enough he was of the opportunity, as any one may guess. For when you consider a brisk, lively young man of one-and-twenty and a sweet beautiful miss of seventeen so thrown together day after day for two weeks, the weather being very fair, as I have said, and the ship tossing and bowling along before a fine humming breeze that sent white-caps all over the sea, and with nothing to do but sit and look at that blue sea and the bright sky overhead, it is not hard to suppose what was to befall, and what pleasure it was to Barnaby True to show attention to her.

But, oh! those days when a man is young, and, whether wisely or no, fallen in love! How often during that voyage did our hero lie awake in his berth at night, tossing this way and that without sleep—not that he wanted to sleep if he could, but would rather lie so awake thinking about her and staring into the darkness!

Poor fool! he might have known that the end must come to such a fool's paradise before very long. For who was he to look up to Sir John Malyoe's granddaughter, he the supercargo of a merchant ship, and she the granddaughter of a baronet.

Nevertheless, things went along very smooth and pleasant, until one evening, when all came of a sudden to an end. At that time he and the young lady had been standing for a long while together, leaning over the rail and looking out across the water through the dusk towards the westward, where the sky was still of a lingering brightness. She had been mightily quiet and dull all that evening, but now of a sudden she began, without any preface whatever, to tell Barnaby about herself and her affairs. She said that she and her grandfather were going to New York that they might take passage thence to Boston town, there to meet her cousin Captain Malyoe, who was stationed in garrison at that place. Then she went on to say that Captain Malyoe was the next heir to the Devonshire estate, and that she and he were to be married in the fall.

But, poor Barnaby! what a fool was he, to be sure! Methinks when she first began to speak about Captain Malyoe he knew what was coming. But now that she had told him, he could say nothing, but stood there staring across the ocean, his breath coming hot and dry as ashes in his throat. She, poor thing, went on to say, in a very low voice, that she had liked him from the very first moment she had seen him, and had been very happy for these days, and would always think of him as a dear friend who had been very kind to her, who had so little pleasure in life, and so would always remember him.

Then they were both silent, until at last Barnaby made shift to say, though in a hoarse and croaking voice, that Captain Malyoe must be a very happy man, and that if he were in Captain Malyoe's place he would be the happiest man in the world. Thus, having spoken, and so found his tongue, he went on to tell her, with his head all in a whirl, that he too loved her, and that what she had told him struck him to the heart, and made him the most miserable, unhappy wretch in the whole world.

She was not angry at what he said, nor did she turn to look at him, but only said, in a low voice, he should not talk so, for that it could only be a pain to them both to speak of such things, and that whether she would or no, she must do everything as her grandfather bade her, for that he was indeed a terrible man.

To this poor Barnaby could only repeat that he loved her with all his heart, that he had hoped for nothing in his love, but that he was now the most miserable man in the world.

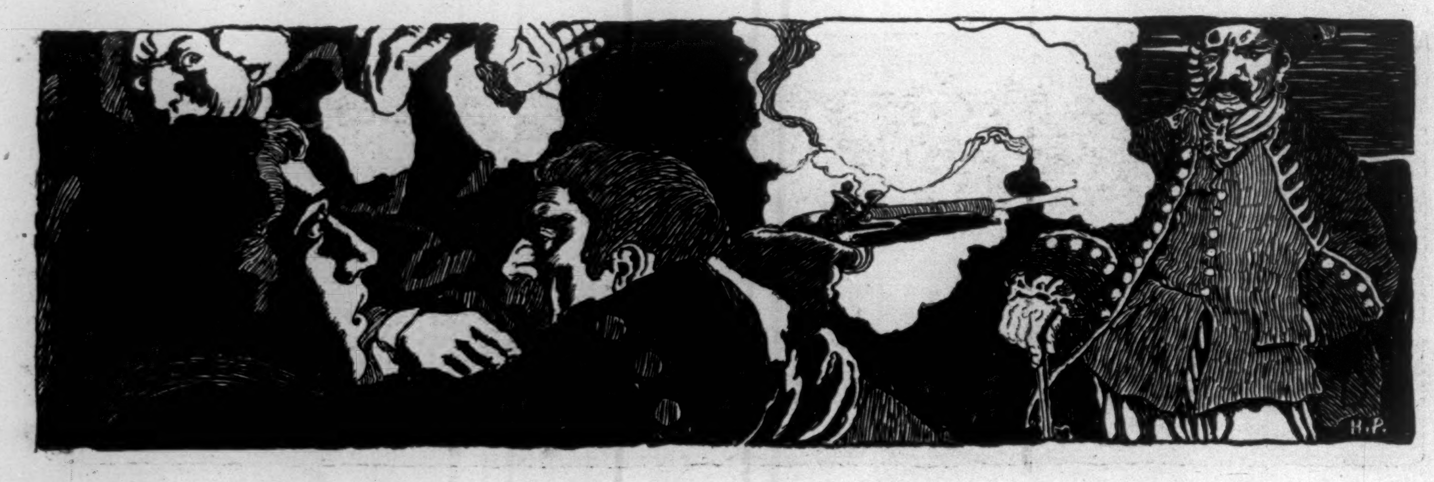
It was at this moment, so tragic for him, that some one who had been hiding nigh them all the while suddenly moved away, and Barnaby True could see in the gathering darkness that it was that villain manservant of Sir John Malyoe's, and knew that he must have overheard all that had been said.

The man went straight to the great cabin, and poor Barnaby, his brain all atingle, stood looking after him, feeling that now indeed the last drop of bitterness had been added to his trouble to have such a wretch overhear what he had said.

The young lady could not have seen the fellow, for she continued leaning over the rail, and Barnaby True standing at her side, not moving, but in such a tumult of many passions that he was like one bewildered, and his heart beating as though to smother him.

So they stood for I know not how long, when, of a sudden, Sir John Malyoe comes running out of the cabin, without his hat, but carrying his gold-headed cane, and so straight across the deck to where Barnaby and the young lady stood, that spying wretch close at his heels, grinning like an imp.

"You hussy!" bawled out Sir John, so soon as he had come pretty near them, and in so loud a voice that all on deck might have heard the words; and as he spoke he waved his cane back and forth as though he would have struck the young lady, who, shrinking back almost upon the deck, crouched as though to escape such a blow.



"You hussy!" he bawled out with vile oaths, too horrible here to be set down. "What do you do here with this Yankee supercargo, not fit for a gentlewoman to wipe her feet upon? Get to your cabin, you hussy" (only it was something worse he called her this time), "before I lay this cane across your shoulders!"

What with the whirling of Barnaby's brains and the passion into which he was already melted, what with his despair and his love, and his anger at this address, a man gone mad could scarce be less accountable for his actions than was he at that moment. Hardly knowing what he did, he put his hand against Sir John Malyoe's breast and thrust him violently back, crying out upon him in a great loud hoarse voice for threatening a young lady, and saying that for a farthing he would wrench the stick out of his hand and throw it overboard.

Sir John went staggering back with the push Barnaby gave him, and then caught himself up again. Then, with a great bellow, ran roaring at our hero, whirling his cane about, and I do believe would have struck him (and God knows then what might have happened) had not his man-servant caught him and held him back.

"Keep back!" cried out our hero, still mighty hoarse. "Keep back! If you strike me with that stick I'll fling you overboard!"

By this time, what with the sound of loud voices and the stamping of feet, some of the crew and others aboard were hurrying up, and the next moment Captain Manly and the first mate, Mr. Freesden, came running out of the cabin. But Barnaby, who was by this fairly set agoing, could not now stop himself.

"And who are you, anyhow," he cried out, "to threaten to strike me and to insult me, who am as good as you? You dare not strike me! You may shoot a man from behind, as you shot poor Captain Brand on the Rio Cobra River, but you won't dare strike me face to face. I know who you are and what you are!"

By this time Sir John Malyoe had ceased to endeavor to strike him, but stood stock-still, his great bulging eyes staring as though they would pop out of his head.

"What's all this?" cries Captain Manly, bustling up to them with Mr. Freesden. "What does all this mean?"

But, as I have said, our hero was too far gone now to contain himself until all that he had to say was out.

"The damned villain insulted me and insulted the young lady," he cried out, panting in the extremity of his passion, "and then he threatened to strike me with his cane. But I know who he is and what he is. I know what he's got in his cabin in those two trunks, and where he found it, and whom it belongs to. He found it on the shores of the Rio Cobra River, and I have only to open my mouth and tell what I know about it."

At this Captain Manly clapped his hand upon our hero's shoulder and fell to shaking him so that he could scarcely stand, calling out to him the while to be silent. "What do you mean?" he cried. "An officer of this ship to quarrel with a passenger of mine! Go straight to your cabin, and stay there till I give you leave to come out again."

At this Master Barnaby came somewhat back to himself and into his wits again with a jump. "But he threatened to strike me with his cane, captain," he cried out, "and that I won't stand from any man!"

"No matter what he did," said Captain Manly, very sternly. "Go to your cabin, as I bid you, and stay there till I tell you to come out again, and when we get to New York I'll take pains to tell your step-father of how you have behaved. I'll have no such rioting as this aboard my ship."

Barnaby True looked around him, but the young lady was gone. Nor, in the blindness of his frenzy, had he seen when she had gone nor whither she went. As for Sir John Malyoe, he stood in the light of a lantern, his face gone as white as ashes, and I do believe if a look could kill, the dreadful malevolent stare he fixed upon Barnaby True would have slain him where he stood.

V.

After Captain Manly had so shaken some wits into poor Barnaby, he, unhappy wretch, went to his cabin, as he was bidden to do, and there, shutting the door upon himself, and flinging himself down, all dressed as he was, upon his berth, yielded himself over to the profoundest passion of humiliation and despair.

There he lay for I know not how long, staring into the darkness, until by-and-by, in spite of his suffering and his despair, he dozed off into a loose sleep, that was more like waking than sleep, being possessed continually by the most vivid and distasteful dreams, from which he would awaken only to doze off and to dream again.

It was from the midst of one of these extravagant dreams that he was suddenly aroused by the noise of a pistol-shot, and then the noise of another and another, and then a great bump and a grinding jar, and then the sound of many footsteps running across the deck and down into the great cabin. Then came a tremendous uproar of voices in the great cabin, the struggling as of men's bodies being tossed about, striking violently against the partitions and bulkheads. At the same instant arose a screaming of women's voices; and one voice, and that Sir John Malyoe's, crying out as in the greatest extremity: "You villains! You damned villains!" and with the sudden detonation of a pistol fired into the close space of the great cabin.

Barnaby was out in the middle of his cabin in a moment, and taking only time enough to snatch down one of the pistols that hung at the head of his berth, flung out into the great cabin, to find it as black as night, the lantern slung there having been either blown out or dashed out into darkness. The prodigiously dark space was full of uproar, the hubbub and confusion pierced through and through by that keen sound of women's voices screaming, one in the cabin and the other in the state-room beyond. Almost immediately Barnaby pitched headlong over two or three struggling men scuffling together upon the deck, falling with a great clatter and the loss of his pistol, which, however, he regained almost immediately.

What all the uproar meant he could not tell, but he presently heard Captain Manly's voice from somewhere suddenly calling out, "You bloody pirate, would you choke me to death?" wherewith some notion of what had happened came to him like a flash, and that they had been attacked in the night by pirates.

Looking toward the companionway, he saw, outlined against the darkness of the night without, the blacker form of a man's figure, standing still and motionless as a statue in the midst of all this hubbub, and so by some instinct he knew in a moment that that must be the master maker of all this devil's brew. Therewith, still kneeling upon the deck, he covered the bosom of that shadowy figure point-blank, as he thought, with his pistol, and instantly pulled the trigger.

In the flash of red light, and in the instant stunning report of the pistol-shot, Barnaby saw, as stamped upon the blackness, a broad flat face with fishy eyes, a lean bony forehead with what appeared to be a great blotch of blood upon the side, a cocked hat trimmed with gold lace, a red scarf across the breast, and the gleam of brass buttons. Then the darkness, very thick and black, swallowed everything again.

But in the instant Sir John Malyoe called out, in a great loud voice: "My God! 'Tis William Brand!" Therewith came the sound of some one falling heavily down.

The next moment, Barnaby's sight coming back to him again in the darkness, he beheld that dark and motionless figure still standing exactly where it had stood before, and so knew either that he had missed it, or else that it was of so supernatural a sort that a leaden bullet might do it no harm. Though if it was indeed an apparition that Barnaby beheld in that moment, there is this to say, that he saw it as plain as ever he saw a living man in all of his life.

This was the last our hero knew, for the next moment somebody—whether by accident or design he never knew—struck him such a terrible violent blow upon the side of the head that he saw forty thousand stars flash before his eyeballs, and then, with a great humming in his head, swooned dead away.

VI.

When Barnaby True came back to his senses again, it was to find himself being cared for with great skill and nicety, his head bathed with cold water, and a bandage being bound about it as carefully as though a chirurgeon was attending to him.

He could not immediately recall what had happened to him, nor until he had opened his eyes to find himself in a strange cabin, extremely well fitted and painted with white and gold, the light of a lantern shining in his eyes, together with the gray of the early daylight through the dead-eye. Two men were bending over him—one, a negro in a striped shirt, with a yellow handkerchief around his head and silver ear-rings in his ears; the other, a white man, clad in a strange outlandish dress of a foreign make, and with great mustachios hanging down, and with gold ear-rings in his ears.

It was the latter who was attending to Barnaby's hurt with such extreme care and gentleness.

All this Barnaby saw with his first clear consciousness after his swoon. Then remembering what had befallen him, and his head beating as though it would split asunder, he shut his eyes again, contriving with great effort to keep himself from groaning aloud, and wondering as to what sort of pirates these could be, who would first knock a man in the head so terrible a blow as that which he had suffered, and then take such care to fetch him back to life again, and to make him easy and comfortable.

Nor did he open his eyes again, but lay there gathering his wits together and wondering thus until the bandage was properly tied about his head and sewed together. Then once more he opened his eyes, and looked up to ask where he was.

Either they who were attending to him did not choose to reply, or else they could not speak English, for they made no answer, excepting by signs; for the white man, seeing that he was now able to speak, and so was come back into his senses again, nodded his head three or four times, and smiled with a grin of his white teeth, and then pointed, as though toward a saloon beyond. At the same time the negro held up our hero's coat and beckoned for him to put it on, so that Barnaby, seeing that it was required of him to meet some one without, arose, though with a good deal of effort, and permitted the negro to help him on with his coat, still feeling mightily dizzy and uncertain upon his legs, his head beating fit to split, and the vessel rolling and pitching at a great rate, as though upon a heavy ground-swell.

So, still sick and dizzy, he went out into what was indeed a fine saloon beyond, painted in white and gilt like the cabin he had just quitted, and fitted in the nicest fashion, a mahogany table, polished very bright, extending the length of the room, and a quantity of bottles, together with glasses of clear crystal, arranged in a hanging rack above.

Here at the table a man was sitting with his back to our hero, clad in a rough pea-jacket, and with a red handkerchief tied around his throat, his feet stretched out before him, and he smoking a pipe of tobacco with all the ease and comfort in the world.

As Barnaby came in he turned round, and, to the profound astonishment of our hero, presented toward him in the light of the lantern, the dawn shining pretty strong through the skylight, the face of that very man who had conducted the mysterious expedition that night across Kingston Harbor to the Rio Cobra River.

VII.

This man looked steadily at Barnaby True for a moment or two, and then burst out a-laughing; and, indeed, Barnaby, standing there with the bandage about his head, must have looked a very droll picture of that astonishment he felt so profoundly at finding who was this pirate into whose hands he had fallen.

"Well," says the other, "and so you be up at last, and no great harm done, I'll be bound. And how does your head feel by now, my young master?"

To this Barnaby made no reply, but, what with wonder and the dizziness of his head, seated himself at the table over against the speaker, who pushed a bottle of rum toward him, together with a glass from the swinging shelf above.

He watched Barnaby fill his glass, and so soon as he had done so began immediately by saying: "I do suppose you think you were treated mightily ill to be so handled last night. Well, so you were treated ill enough—though who hit you that crack upon the head I know no more than a child unborn. Well, I am sorry for the way you were handled, but there is this much to say, and of that you may believe me, that nothing was meant to you but kindness, and before you are through with us all you will believe that well enough."

Here he helped himself to a taste of grog, and sucking in his lips, went on again with what he had to say. "Do you remember," said he, "that expedition of ours in Kingston Harbor, and how we were all of us balked that night?"

"Why, yes," said Barnaby True, "nor am I likely to forget it."

"And do you remember what I said to that villain Jack Malyoe that night as his boat went by us?"

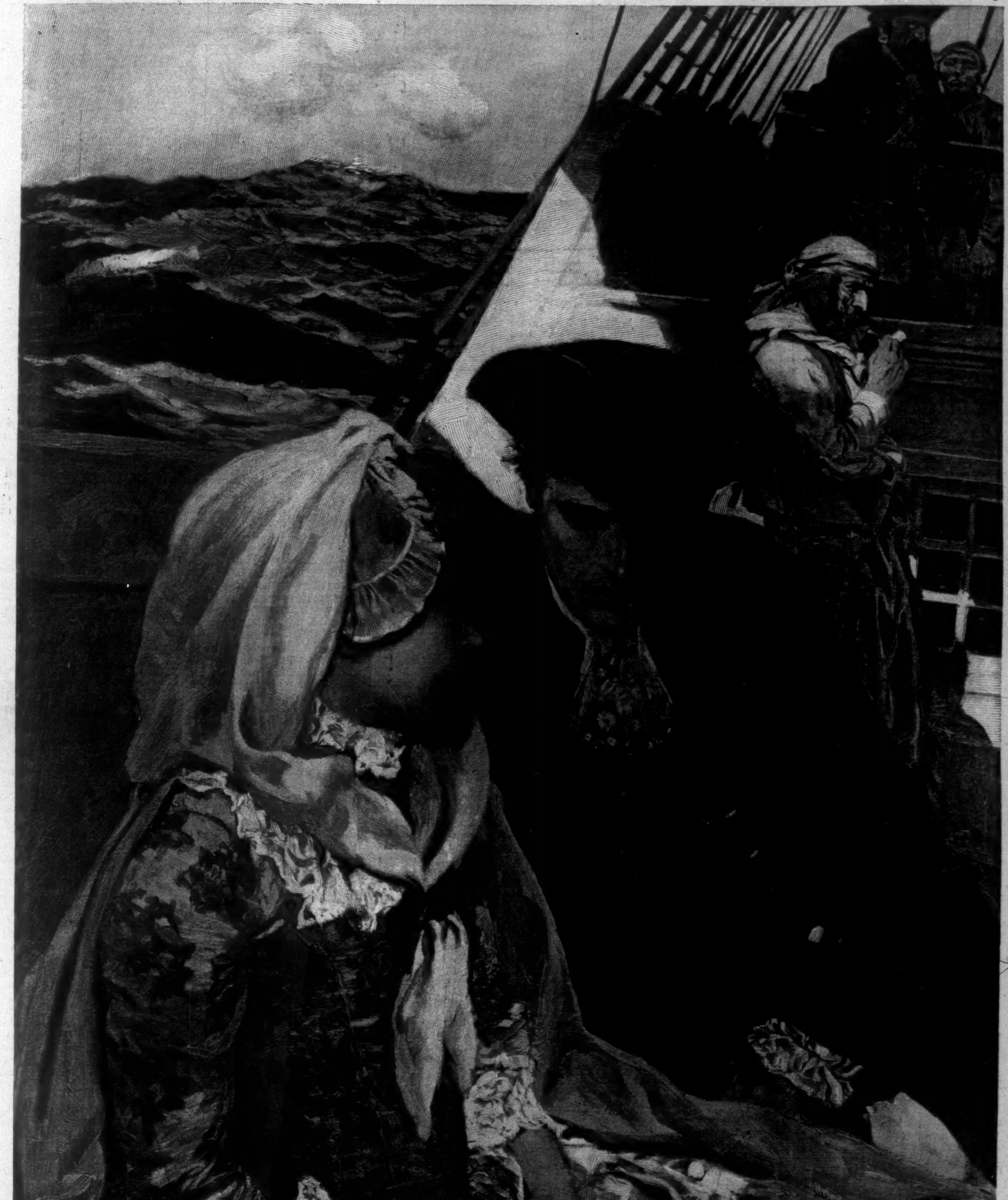
"As to that," said Barnaby True, "I do not know that I can say yes or no, but if you will tell me, I will maybe answer you in kind."

"Why, I mean this," said the other. "I said that the villain had got the better of us once again, but that next time it would be our turn, even if William Brand himself had to come back from hell to put the business through."

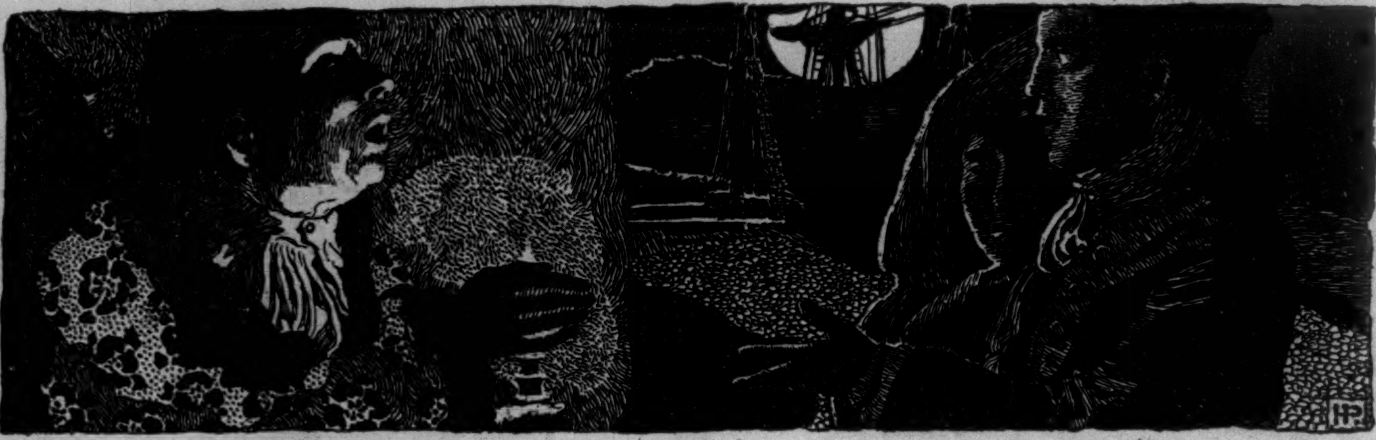
"I remember something of the sort," said Barnaby, "now that you speak of it, but still I am all in the dark as to what you are driving at."

The other looked at him very cunningly for a little while, his head on one side, and his eyes half shut. Then, as if satisfied, he suddenly burst out a-laughing. "Look hither," said he "and I'll show you something," and therewith, moving to one side, disclosed a couple of travelling-cases or small trunks with brass studs, so exactly like those that Sir John Malyoe had fetched aboard at Jamaica that Barnaby, putting this and that together, knew that they must be the same.

Our hero had a strong enough suspicion as to what those two cases contained, and his suspicions had become a certainty when he saw Sir John Malyoe struck all white at being threatened about them, and his face lowering so malevolently as to look murder had he dared do it. But, Lord! what were suspicions or even certainty to what Barnaby True's two eyes beheld when that man lifted



"SHE WOULD SIT QUITE STILL, PERMITTING BARNABY TO GAZE."—FROM THE PAINTING BY HOWARD PYLE.



the lids of the two cases—the locks thereof having already been forced—and flinging back first one lid and then the other, displayed to Barnaby's astonished sight a great treasure of gold and silver! Most of it tied up in leathern bags, to be sure, but many of the coins, big and little, yellow and white, lying loose and scattered about like so many beans, brimming the cases to the very top.

Barnaby sat dumb-struck at what he beheld; as to whether he breathed or no, I cannot tell; but this I know, that he sat staring at that marvellous treasure like a man in a trance, until, after a few seconds of this golden display, the other banged down the lids again and burst out a-laughing, whereupon he came back to himself with a jump.

"Well, and what do you think of that?" said the other. "Is it not enough for a man to turn pirate for? But," he continued, "it is not for the sake of showing you this that I have been waiting for you here so long a while, but to tell you that you are not the only passenger aboard, but that there is another, whom I am to confide to your care and attention, according to orders I have received; so, if you are ready, Master Barnaby, I'll fetch her in directly." He waited for a moment, as though for Barnaby to speak, but our hero not replying, he arose, and putting away the bottle of rum and the glasses, crossed the saloon to a door like that from which Barnaby had come a little while before. This he opened, and after a moment's delay and a few words spoken to some one within, ushered thence a young lady, who came out very slowly into the saloon where Barnaby still sat at the table.

It was Miss Marjorie Malyoe, very white, and looking as though stunned or bewildered by all that had befallen her.

VIII.

Barnaby True could never tell whether the amazing strange voyage that followed was of long or of short duration; whether it occupied three days or ten days. For conceive, if you choose, two people of flesh and blood moving and living continually in all the circumstances and surroundings as of a nightmare dream, yet they two so happy together that all the universe beside was of no moment to them! How was any one to tell whether in such circumstances any time appeared to be long or short? Does a dream appear to be long or to be short?

The vessel in which they sailed was a brigantine of good size and build, but manned by a considerable crew, the most strange and outlandish in their appearance that Barnaby had ever beheld—some white, some yellow, some black, and all tricked out with gay colors, and gold earrings in their ears, and some with great long mustachios, and others with handkerchiefs tied around their heads, and all talking a language together of which Barnaby True could understand not a single word, but which might have been Portuguese from one or two phrases he caught. Nor did this strange, mysterious crew, of God knows what sort of men, seem to pay any attention whatever to Barnaby or to the young lady. They might now and then have looked at him and her out of the corners of their yellow eyes, but that was all; otherwise they were indeed like the creatures of a nightmare dream. Only he who was the captain of this outlandish crew would maybe speak to Barnaby a few words as to the weather or what not when he would come down into the saloon to mix a glass of grog or to light a pipe of tobacco, and then to go on deck again about his business. Otherwise our hero and the young lady were left to themselves, to do as they pleased, with no one to interfere with them.

As for her, she at no time showed any great sign of terror or of fear, only for a little while was singularly numb and quiet, as though dazed with what had happened to her. Indeed, methinks that wild beast, her grandfather, had so crushed her spirit by his tyranny and his violence that nothing that happened to her might seem sharp and keen, as it does to others of an ordinary sort.

But this was only at first, for afterward her face began to grow singularly clear, as with a white light, and she would sit quite still, permitting Barnaby to gaze, I know not how long, into her eyes, her face so transfigured and her lips smiling, and they, as it were, neither of them breathing, but hearing, as in another far-distant place, the outlandish jargon of the crew talking together in the warm bright sunlight, or the sound of creaking block and tackle as they hauled upon the sheets.

Is it, then, any wonder that Barnaby True could never remember whether such a voyage as this was long or short?

It was as though they might have sailed so upon that wonderful voyage forever. You may guess how amazed was Barnaby True when, coming upon deck one morning, he found the brigantine riding upon an even keel, at anchor off Staten Island, a small village on the shore, and the well-known roofs and chimneys of New York town in plain sight across the water.

'Twas the last place in the world he had expected to see.

IX.

And, indeed, it did seem strange to lie there alongside Staten Island all that day, with New York town so nigh at hand and yet so impossible to reach. For whether he desired to escape or no, Barnaby True could not but observe that both he and the young lady were so closely watched that they might as well have been prisoners, tied hand and foot and laid in the hold, so far as any hope of getting away was concerned.

All that day there was a deal of mysterious coming and going aboard the brigantine, and in the afternoon a sail-boat went up to the town, carrying the captain, and a great load covered over with a tarpaulin in the stern. What was so taken up to the town Barnaby did not then guess, but the boat did not return again till about sundown.

For the sun was just dropping below the water, when the captain came aboard once more, and finding Barnaby on deck, bade him come down into the saloon, where they found the young lady sitting, the broad light of the evening shining in through the skylight, and making it all pretty bright within.

The captain commanded Barnaby to be seated, for he had something of moment to say to him; whereupon, as soon as Barnaby had taken his place alongside the young lady, he began very seriously, with a preface somewhat thus: "Though you may think me the captain of this brigantine, young gentleman, I am not really so, but am under orders, and so have only carried out those orders of a superior in all these things that I have done." Having so begun, he went on to say that there was one thing yet remaining for him to do, and that the greatest thing of all. He said that Barnaby and the young lady had not been fetched away from the *Belle Helen* as they were by any mere chance of accident, but that 'twas all a plan laid by a head wiser than his, and carried out by one whom he must obey in all things. He said that he hoped that both Barnaby and the young lady would perform willingly what they would be now called upon to do, but that whether they did it willingly or no, they must, for that those were the orders of one who was not to be disobeyed.

You may guess how our hero held his breath at all this; but whatever might have been his expectations, the very wildest of them all did not reach to that which was demanded of him. "My orders are these," said the other, continuing: "I am to take you and the young lady ashore, and to see that you are married before I quit you, and to that end a very good, decent, honest minister who lives ashore yonder in the village was chosen and hath been spoken to, and is now, no doubt, waiting for you to come. Such are my orders, and this is the last thing I am set to do; so now I will leave you alone together for five minutes to talk it over, but be quick about it, for whether willing or not, this thing must be done."

Thereupon he went away, as he had promised, leaving those two alone together, Barnaby like one turned into stone, and the young lady, her face turned away, flaming as red as fire in the fading light.

Nor can I tell what Barnaby said to her, nor what words he used, but only, all in a tumult, with neither beginning nor end, he told her that God knew he loved her, and that with all his heart and soul, and that there was nothing in all the world for him but her; but, nevertheless, if she would not have it as had been ordered, and if she were not willing to marry him as she was bidden to do, he would rather die than lend himself to forcing her to do such a thing against her will. Nevertheless, he told her she must speak up and tell him yes or no, and that God knew he would give all the world if she would say "yes."

All this and more he said in such a tumult of words that there was no order in their speaking, and she sitting there, her bosom rising and falling as though her breath stifled her. Nor may I tell what she replied to him, only this that she said she would marry him. At this he took her into his arms and set his lips to hers, his heart all melting away in his bosom.

So presently came the captain back into the saloon again, to find Barnaby sitting there holding her hand, she with her face turned away, and his heart beating like a trip-hammer, and so saw that all was settled as he would have it. Wherewith he wished them both joy, and gave Barnaby his hand.

The yawl boat belonging to the brigantine was ready and waiting alongside when they came upon deck, and immediately they descended to it and took their seats. So they landed, and in a little while were walking up the village street in the darkness, she clinging to his arm as though she would swoon, and the captain of the brigantine and two other men from aboard following after them. And so to the minister's house, finding him waiting for them, smoking his pipe in the warm evening, and walking up and down in front of his own door. He immediately conducted them into the house, where, his wife having fetched a candle, and two others of the village folk being present, the good man having asked several questions as to their names and their age and where they were from, the ceremony was performed, and the certificate duly signed by those present—excepting the men who had come ashore from the brigantine, and who refused to set their hands to any paper.

The same sail-boat that had taken the captain up to the town in the afternoon was waiting for them at the landing-place, whence, the captain having wished them God-speed, and having shaken Barnaby very heartily by the hand, they pushed off, and coming about, ran away with the slant of the wind, dropping the shore and those strange beings alike behind them into the night.

As they sped away through the darkness, they could hear the creaking of the sails being hoisted aboard of the brigantine, and so knew that she was about to put to sea once more. Nor did Barnaby True ever set eyes upon those beings again, nor did any one else that I ever heard tell of.

X.

It was nigh midnight when they made Mr. Hartright's wharf at the foot of Wall Street, and so the streets were all dark and silent and deserted as they walked up to Barnaby's home.

You may conceive of the wonder and amazement of Barnaby's dear step-father when, clad in a dressing-gown and carrying a lighted candle in his hand, he unlocked and unbarred the door, and so saw who it was had aroused him at such an hour of the night, and the young and beautiful lady who Barnaby had fetched with him.

The first thought of the good man was that the *Belle Helen* had come into port; nor did Barnaby undeceive him as he led the way into the house, but waited until they were all safe and sound in privity together before he should unfold his strange and wonderful story.

"This was left for you by two foreign sailors this afternoon, Barnaby," the good old man said, as he led the way through the hall, holding up the candle at the same time, so that Barnaby might see an object that stood against the wainscoting by the door of the dining-room.

Nor could Barnaby refrain from crying out with amazement when he saw that it was one of the two chests of treasure that Sir John Malyoe had fetched from Jamaica, and which the pirates had taken from the *Belle Helen*. As for Mr. Hartright, he guessed no more what was in it than the man in the moon.

The next day but one brought the *Belle Helen* herself into port, with the terrible news not only of having been attacked at night by pirates, but also that Sir John Malyoe was dead. For whether it was the sudden shock of the sight of his old captain's face—whom he himself had murdered and thought dead and buried—flashing so out against the darkness, or whether it was the strain of passion that overset his brains, certain it is that when the pirates left the *Belle Helen*, carrying with them the young lady and Barnaby and the travelling-trunks, those left aboard the *Belle Helen* found Sir John Malyoe lying in a fit upon the floor, frothing at the mouth and black in the face, as though he had been choked, and so took him away to his berth, where, the next morning about ten o'clock, he died, without once having opened his eyes or spoken a single word.

As for the villain manservant, no one ever saw him afterward; though whether he jumped overboard, or whether the pirates who so attacked the ship had carried him away bodily, who shall say?

Mr. Hartright, after he had heard Barnaby's story, had been very uncertain as to the ownership of the chest of treasure that had been left by those men for Barnaby, but the news of the death of Sir John Malyoe made the matter very easy for him to decide. For surely if that treasure did not belong to Barnaby, there could be no doubt but that it must belong to his wife, she being Sir John Malyoe's legal heir. And so it was that that great fortune (in actual computation amounting to upwards of sixty-three thousand pounds) came to Barnaby True, the grandson of that famous pirate William Brand; the English estate in Devonshire, in default of male issue of Sir John Malyoe, descended to Captain Malyoe, whom the young lady was to have married.

As for the other case of treasure, it was never heard of again, nor could Barnaby ever guess whether it was divided as booty among the pirates, or whether they had carried it away with them to some strange and foreign land, there to share it among themselves.

And so the ending of the story, with only this to observe, that whether that strange appearance of Captain Brand's face by the light of the pistol was a ghostly and spiritual appearance, or whether he was present in flesh and blood, there is only to say that he was never heard of again; nor had he ever been heard of till that time since the day he was so shot from behind by Captain John Malyoe on the banks of the Rio Cobra River in the year 1738.

Life and Letters

The Christmas Muse and I looked at each other with grave misgiving.

"Does he want another?" she asked.

"I'm obliged to say he does," I replied. "He thinks people have forgotten last year's, though you and I know they haven't; and at any rate he believes that it is a good custom to have a Christmas paper at Christmas-time, and it ought to be kept up."

"Why at Christmas-time?" asked the Muse. "Why not have a Christmas paper on the Fourth of July? It would be more novel, and the idea of snow would be so refreshing to the reader. Couldn't you get him to postpone it till next summer? Then—"

I shook my head. "He wouldn't. He's very susceptible to suggestion, but that would be going too far." Of course we were talking of the editor. "By-the-way," I added, "you spoke of snow. Is it really snowing just now?"

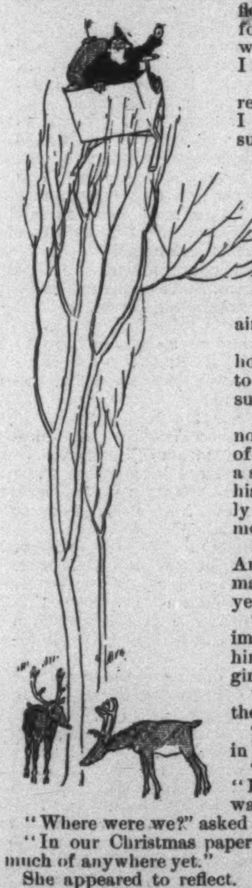
"As hard," said the Muse, "as it does on the stage when the disinherited daughter staggers across the scene with her child in her arms and falls on her father's threshold, and you see the lights in the village church half a block off and hear the Christmas anthem pealing from it."

"Then you haven't come, this time, on your wheel?"

"Don't you see?" she returned, and I perceived that she was not in last year's knickerbockers, but in a fur-trimmed carriage costume, very rich yet simple, and extremely becoming. "I came in my horseless cutter."

"Oh, yes, yes!" I said. "Why of course! And may I congratulate you on the change of dress involved?"

"It was you who imagined me in those other things," she grieved, with that retroactive sense of injury which is such a comfort to women. I hastened to take the blame, but I made her observe that I had imagined her in a flowing robe of silver sheen before we parted. "I suppose you would want it gold, this year?" I added, merrily.



The Muse said "Oh!" in deprecation of my pleasantry, and I asked, to divert her from the subject altogether:

"And does it work, the horseless cutter?"

"Perfectly. It solves the double problem of getting swiftly over the ground without hooves, and of mounting into the air without wings."

"I see. I knew about the hooves, but has it really come to the wings too? I didn't suppose—"

"It *will* come to them. I am now using the horseless cutter of the future. Santa Claus has a sleigh of the same make, and his tiny reindeer are permanently turned out to grass. Or moss, is it?"

"Moss, for reindeer, I believe. And Santa Claus is going to make his rounds in it this year?"

"Yes. Of course it's only imaginary, as yet. But he's himself, and I'm only an imaginary Muse."

"Yes; like the mongoose and the—"

"Don't bring *that* old thing in!" cried the Muse.

"I didn't," I urged, meekly. "It slipped in. It is always watching its chance."

"Where were we?" asked the Muse, not very relenting.

"In our Christmas paper? I'm afraid we hadn't got much of anywhere yet."

She appeared to reflect. "Why not go back and describe the first Christmas you can remember?"

"Wouldn't that be rather autobiographical?"

"It might, unless you treated it from the universal side."

"Oh!"

"Treated yourself as the common, average man."

"Thank you. The others mightn't like it, and I'm not sure that I should like it myself."

"Not at this season of good-will and brotherly love?"

"It's supposed to be that sort of season," I ventured, hardily. "But is it really? Can people who have been keeping grudges and harboring antipathies throughout the rest of the year put them away all at once simply because it has come Christmas-time?"

"Don't you think they'd better try?" she asked in turn.

"Oh, try, yes; but they won't make it work. They had better begin the 26th of December, at 1 A.M., and work up gradually toward next Christmas."

"Yes," the Muse owned, candidly, but a little sadly, "the other thing *is* humbug, and it always was."

I pursued my advantage. "I think that the man—I will not say the woman; women are always better—who has hated his fellow-man since the beginning of the year, maligned him, cheated him, persecuted him, will be quite as capable of waylaying him in his book, his picture, his statue, his business, or his bosom on Christmas morning as on Washington's birthday, or Decoration day, or Labor day."

"I see what you mean," said the Muse, still pensively.

"But I'm usurping your function. It's you who ought to be inspiring me, and here I'm inspiring *you*."

"I don't call it very *inspiring*." The Muse's lip quivered, and when a woman begins crying there is an end to pure reason.

"Of course," I hurried to say, "it isn't your fault!"

"But I'm afraid it is," she protested. "I'm afraid that the Christmas literature I've inspired is *all* wrong."

"Oh, no, not all. And then think how obsolete it is! That ought to be a comfort to you."

"It isn't." She sat so gloomily silent, toying with the button-loops of her jacket, that I attempted a diversion.

"You were much gayer last year. Why shouldn't we discuss this matter as cheerfully now as we did then?"

"I was a great deal younger last year; I was only 1895 years old then, and now I'm 1896, going on 1897."

"But you don't look it; and besides, old age is a superstition. You must often have heard elderly people say they feel as young as ever."

"Oh, often!" said the Muse, with what I should call a snicker, if Muses ever snickered. "But as you say of my being old, they don't look it."

"No," I admitted, "gray beards, beetling brows, bald heads, and concave lips do not precisely suggest the blossom of life's spring-time. Still, I do my best—and I think one ought—to feel young as I approach my threescore."

"Oh, if I were only *sixty!*" cried the Muse. "But do you find that your *feeling* young makes you so?"

"Well, if I could once *manage* to feel young, I think it would. But it is the first step that costs, in this as well as in some other things, and I am only experimenting, as yet. I dare say I shall make it out by the time I'm seventy. There's no hurry. What I insist upon now is a cheerful spirit as appropriate to the season."

"I don't know," said the Muse, thoughtfully. "A cheerful spirit may or may not be an appropriate thing. If it comes from a good conscience, it is; if it merely comes from a good digestion, I don't see why we should think it so very seasonable. Now in your own case—"

"I beg your pardon," I broke in. "*Not* in my own case, if you please. But I don't mind considering the grounds for a cheerful spirit if you regard me as typical of the general public. Why shouldn't I collectively possess my soul in a peace befitting the Christmas-tide?"

"On the contrary," she retorted, "why should you?"

I thought a moment. "Well, since the election the number of anarchists among us has been very sensibly reduced."

"Imaginary anarchists?"

"No more imaginary than the mongoose, or yourself."

"*We* are *both* imaginary. But go on."

"Christendom is universally at peace—"

"Except for a trifle of interminable *guerrilla* in Cuba, and an ever-present danger of massacre in Armenia."

"Ah, but it is the Turks who do the butchering. They are not part of Christendom."

"No; only the Armenians. Is there anything in that situation to inspire a seasonable cheerfulness? Oughtn't it to be heavy upon every Christian soul that a hapless Christian people are delivered into the hands of those pitiless barbarians? Which Christmas since the first can look back over the year to a blacker tragedy?"

"Oh, but come, now," I protested. "What do you say of Venezuela?"

"Yes," the Muse consented, "that *is* a triumph of the Christian spirit appropriate to the season, and Americans have a right to be cheerful about it. So have the English. I don't know why the Venezuelans seem not so joyous."

"I haven't followed the affair very closely," I remarked. "But it's better than war, anyway, and I dare say the poorer Venezuelans, who would have had to do the most of the fighting in the end, would say so, or at least think so. Mind you, I'm not appealing to class prejudices."

"Oh, no!"

"I believe that at this season one ought to refuse, as a Christian duty, to recognize that there are any such things as classes." A bright thought, such as I had been all along hoping for, suddenly struck me. "By-the-way, why shouldn't the poor themselves—observe that I avoid saying lower classes—organize, as the rich have organized, into charitable associations, and send visitors into the West Side, for the relief of the deserving rich?"

"Relief from what?" asked the Muse.

"Well, I don't know. Say, surfeit, and a glut of Christmas presents, and a superfluity of fine clothing, and—"

"Aren't you recommending something immoral? Don't the poor already do something of that kind clandestinely, and on the small individual scale?"

"Of course," I said, eager to hedge, as usual, "I present the notion crudely. But I'm sure there's something in it, though perhaps we had better leave it to individual effort as heretofore. I'm glad that you value the principle of individuality."

"Oh, I do! The Nine Muses were a trust, you know."

I could not see that this quite followed, but I was eager to get on, and "Yes," I said, "and the trusts among us are more anxious than anybody else to guard that principle. They want everything left to the individual."

It could not be that the Muse winked; something must have got into her eye; perhaps the tear of sensibility, for she put up her handkerchief: just so dainty a handkerchief as should go with a hand so exquisitely gloved.

I continued: "As a Muse, I should think you would always be so interested by the happy expressions of the several arts at Christmas-time. I like to go about the town and note them. They begin early in October, or even before, for the theatres have put on their attractions in September. The fall picture shows come on, and society's great event, the Horse Show, happens at the same time; the Christmas books that have been in preparation ever since July fill the booksellers' counters, and then the Christmas numbers of the magazines blossom out. The shop windows are full of the new modes, and all the air thrills with a gay expectation of beauty and delight."

"Yes, those things did move me, once," said the Muse, "and they do yet. The new plays may not be very good, but they could not be worse than last year's, and they are staged with a constantly increasing taste and expense. The pictures are really better, on the whole; and they are American, if you care much for that. The new books are mostly foreign, but their covers were never in such exquisite patterns; each is a work of art; and do you notice those loose-backed coats the ladies are wearing? There's never been anything so *chic*. And the new styles of dress goods, I could flatten my classic profile against the shop windows all day in my adoration of them."

"Then you have that feeling—that those windows are real shrines?"

"Where men sacrifice and women worship? Yes, indeed. Why shouldn't the men? They always insist that women should be pretty; let them pay for the make-up. They grumble enough if they meet a plain woman."

"Yes, that is very queer," I reflected. "Men have quite remanded the whole business of being beautiful to women. I should think a woman would find it very personal to be perpetually occupied with her face, her figure; to be forever regarded by a man's first glance, not as a character, an immortal soul, a fellow-being, but as a physique, a shape, an air. They seem not to object, though."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure the pretty ones don't."

"Perhaps they will, some day. Men never can know what goes on in women's minds—"

"Or where they are going to fetch up? I am always saying that. But, really, don't you think we are getting to be quite Greek in our worship of beauty?"

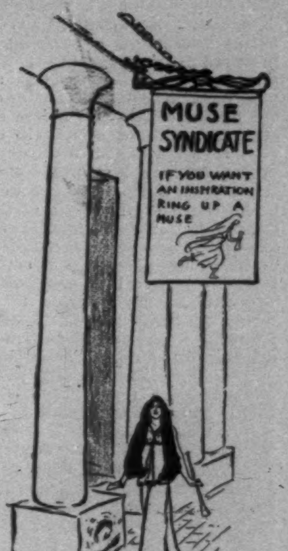
"I think you are getting to be quite barbaric, if you worship nothing but women's beauty. We Greeks worshipped *all* beauty; and it wasn't quite good for us either."

"Mm," I made. "There's something in that. Then you don't think that even the æsthetic manifestations of Christmas are reasons for rejoicing?"

"Not," said the Muse, "unless they express in some degree the beauty of holiness, too, as well as the beauty of art and of nature."

"Ah!"

"That was what Christmas was meant to intimate to mankind, world without end."



I was silent. The Muse had suddenly undergone one of her transformations: she was no longer a modish young woman; she was an angelic presence, grave, serene, beautiful, forbidding the intrusion of any antic thought.

"That was what those Christians believed who tried to destroy its body that they might save its soul alive."

"You mean the Puritans. Do you think *they* had the beauty of holiness?"

"They loved it, and when Bradford stopped the men playing bowls at Plymouth on Christmas, and Sewall rejoiced to see the farmers coming in with their wood-sleds at Boston, they felt the spirit that came into the world at Christmas more than those who would have made a frolic of it, such as the Greeks wished all life to be."

"Did you think so when you were younger—say when you were only 1660 under good King Charles, or 1850, under good King Charles Dickens?"

"I hope that even a Muse may grow in grace," she replied, and she relaxed a little her seraphic austerity, so that I drew a long sigh, and said:

"I see what you mean. But excuse me. You're not altogether Greek in your ideals, then?"

"I'm Anglo-American Greek. My ideal is beauty of conduct, and then all the other beauty consistent with it."

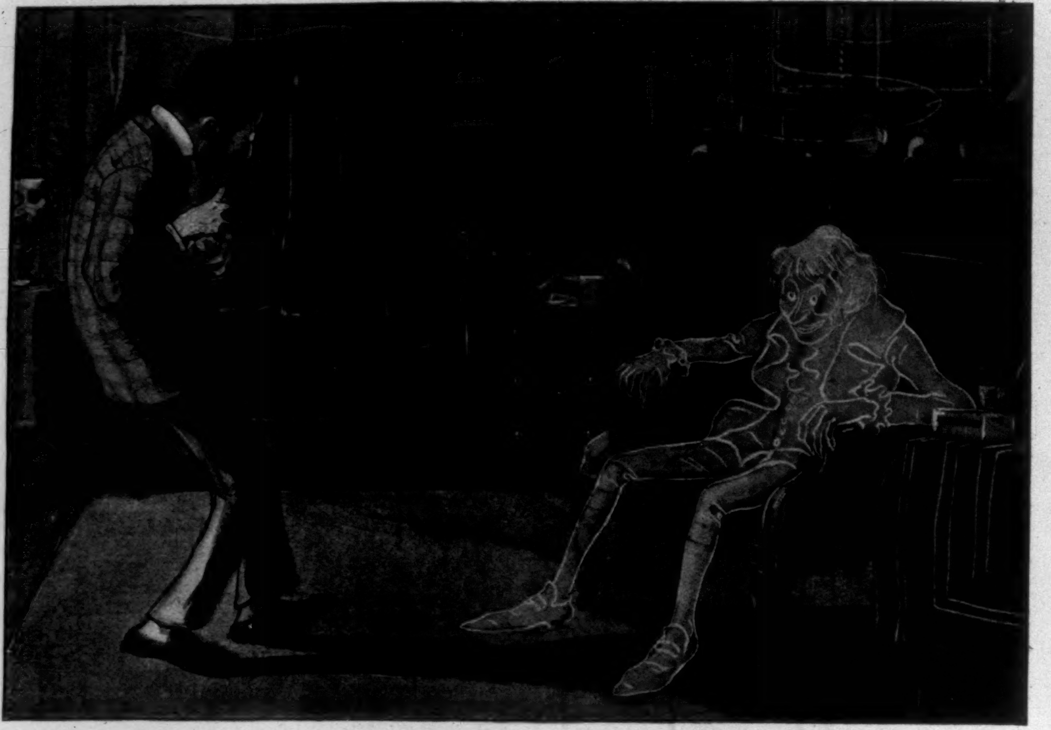
"But you don't object to our endeavoring, specially endeavoring, for the first sort of beauty, at Christmas?"

"Certainly not. It's the very time, of all others, to build shrines for its worship, if you build them only of the pure, perishable snow."

I was silent again, and I was aware that a strange evanescence was working itself out in the Muse's presence. I involuntarily sprang forward to arrest the process. "But about my Christmas paper—"

A voice delicately sweet and thin came from the vanished Muse: "I think we will let that go till another year."

W. D. Howells.



"I TURNED ABOUT, AND THERE, FEARFUL TO SEE, SAT THIS THING GRINNING AT ME."

GHOSTS THAT HAVE HAUNTED ME.

A FEW SPIRIT REMINISCENCES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

If we could only get used to the idea that ghosts are perfectly harmless creatures, who are powerless to affect our well-being unless we assist them by giving way to our fears, we should enjoy the supernatural exceedingly, it seems to me. Coleridge, I think it was, was once asked by a lady if he believed in ghosts, and he replied, "No; I have seen too many of them." Which is my case exactly. I have seen so many horrid visitants from other worlds that they hardly affect me at all, so far as the mere inspiration of terror is concerned. On the other hand, they interest me hugely; and while I must admit that I do experience all the purely physical sensations that come from horrific encounters of this nature, I can truly add in my own behalf that mentally I can rise above the physical impulse to run away, and invariably standing my ground, I have gained much useful information concerning them. I am prepared to assert that if a thing with flashing green eyes, and clammy hands, and long dripping strips of sea-weed in place of hair, should rise up out of the floor before me at this moment, 2 A.M., and nobody in the house but myself, with a fearful nerve-destroying storm raging without, I should without hesitation ask it to sit down and light a cigar and state its business—or, if it were of the female persuasion, to join me in a bottle of sarsaparilla—although every physical manifestation of fear of which my poor body is capable would be present. I have had experiences in this line which, if I could get you to believe them, would convince you that I speak the truth. Knowing weak, suspicious human nature as I do, however, I do not hope ever to convince you—though it is none the less true—that on one occasion, in the spring of ninety-five, there was a spiritual manifestation in my library which nearly prostrated me physically, but which mentally I hugely enjoyed, because I was mentally strong enough to subdue my physical repugnance for the thing which suddenly and without any apparent reason materialized in my arm-chair.

I'm going to tell you about it briefly, though I warn you in advance that you will find it a great strain upon your confidence in my veracity. It may even shatter that confidence beyond repair; but I cannot help that. I hold that it is a man's duty in this life to give the world the benefit of his experience. All that he sees he should set down exactly as he sees it, and so simply, withal, that to the dullest comprehension the moral involved shall be perfectly obvious. If he is a painter, and an auburn-haired maiden appears to him to have blue hair, he should paint her hair blue, and just so long as he sticks by his principles and is true to himself, he need not bother what you think of him. So it is with me. My scheme of living is based upon being true to myself. You may class me with Baron Munchausen if you choose; I shall not mind so long as I have the consolation of feeling, deep down in my heart, that I am a true realist and diverge not from the paths of truth as truth manifests itself to me.

This intruder of whom I was just speaking, the one that took possession of my arm-chair in the spring of 1895, was about as horrible a spectre as I have ever had the pleasure to have haunt me. It was worse than anything Aubrey Beardsley ever did. Alongside of it the ordinary poster of the present day would seem to be as accurate in drawing as a bicycle map, and in its coloring it simply shrieked with discord.

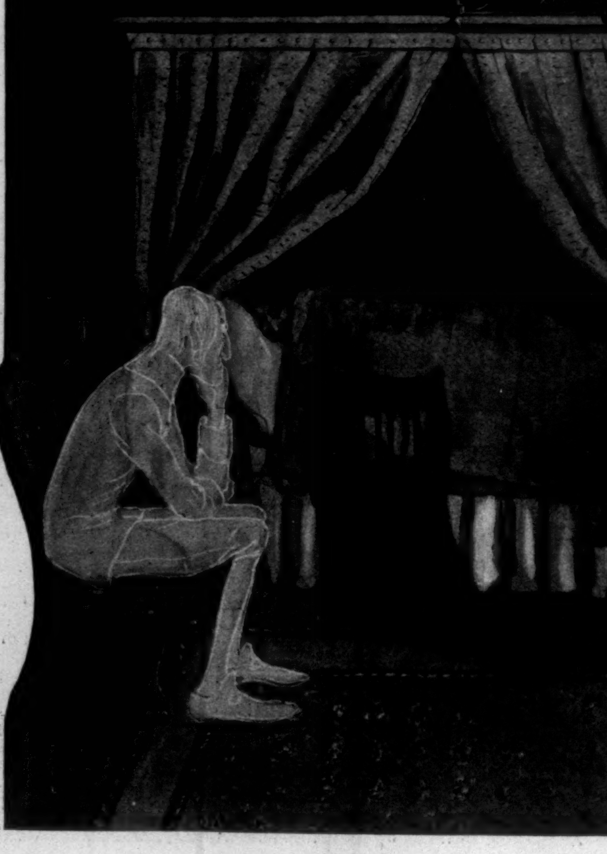
If color had tones which struck the ear, instead of appealing to the eye, the thing would have deafened me. It was about midnight when the manifestation first took shape. My family had long before retired, and I had just finished smoking a cigar—which was one of a thousand which my wife had bought for me at a Monday sale at one of the big department stores in New York. I don't remember the brand, but that is just as well—it was not a cigar to be advertised in a civilized piece of literature—but I do remember that they came in bundles of fifty, tied about with blue ribbon. The one I had been smoking tasted and burned as if it had been rolled by a Cuban insurrectionist while fleeing from a Spanish regiment through a morass, gathering its component parts as he ran. It had two distinct merits, however. No man could possibly smoke too many of them, and they were economical, which is how the ever-helpful little madame came to get them for me, and I have no doubt they will some day prove very useful in removing insects from the rose-bushes. They cost $3 99 a thousand on five days a week, but at the Monday sale they were marked down to $1 75, which is why my wife, to whom I had recently read a little lecture on economy, purchased them for me. Upon the evening in question I had been at work on this cigar for about two hours, and had smoked one side of it three-quarters of the way down to the end, when I concluded that I had smoked enough—for one day—so I rose up to cast the other side into the fire, which was flickering fitfully in my spacious fireplace. This done, I turned about, and there, fearful to see, sat this thing grinning at me from the depths of my chair. My hair not only stood on end, but simply tugged madly in an effort to get away. Four hairs—I can prove the statement if it be desired—did pull themselves loose in their insane desire to rise above the terrors of the situation, and, flying upward, stuck like nails into the oak ceiling directly over my head, whence they had to be pulled the next morning with nippers by our hired man, who would no doubt testify to the truth of the occurrence as I have asserted it if he were still living, which unfortunately he is not. Like most hired men, he was subject to attacks of lethargy, from one of which he died last summer. He sank into a rest about weed-time, last June, and lingered quietly along for two months, and after several futile efforts to wake him up, we finally disposed of him to our town crematory for experimental purposes. I am told he burned very actively, and I believe it, for to my certain knowledge he was very dry, and not so green as some persons who had previously employed him affected to think. A cold chill came over me as my eye rested upon the horrid visitor and noted the greenish depths of his eyes and the clawlike formation of his fingers, and my flesh began to creep like an inch-worm. At one time I was conscious of eight separate corrugations on my back, and my arms goose-fleshed until they looked like one of those miniature plaster casts of the Alps which are so popular in Swiss summer resorts; but mentally I was not disturbed at all. My repugnance was entirely physical, and, to come to the point at once, I calmly offered the spectre a cigar, which it accepted and demanded a light. I gave it, nonchalantly lighting the match upon the goose-fleshing of my wrist.

Now I admit that this was extraordinary and hardly credible, yet it happened exactly as I have set it down, and, furthermore, I enjoyed the experience. For three hours the thing and I conversed, and not once during that time did my hair stop pulling away at my scalp, or the repugnance cease to run in great rolling waves up and down my back. If I wished to deceive you, I might add that pin-feathers began to grow from the goose-flesh, but that would be a lie, and lying and I are not friends, and, furthermore, this paper is not written to amaze, but to instruct.

Except for its personal appearance, this particular ghost was not very remarkable, and I do not at this time recall any of the details of our conversation beyond the point that my share of it was not particularly coherent, because of the discomfort attendant upon the fearful hair-pulling process I was going through. I merely cite its coming to prove that, with all the outward visible signs of fear manifesting themselves in no uncertain manner, mentally I was cool enough to cope with the visitant, and sufficiently calm and at ease to light the match upon my wrist, perceiving for the first time, with an Edison-like ingenuity, one of the uses to which goose-flesh might be put, and knowing full well that if I tried to light it on the sole of my shoe I should have fallen to the ground, my knees being too shaky to admit of my standing on one leg even for an instant. Had I been mentally overcome, I should have tried to light the match on my foot, and fallen ignominiously to the floor then and there.

There was another ghost that I recall to prove my point, who was of very great use to me in the summer immediately following the spring of which I have just told you. You will possibly remember how that the summer of ninety-five had rather more than its fair share of heat, and that the lovely Hudson River town in which I have the happiness to dwell appeared to be the headquarters of the temperature. The thermometers of the nation really seemed to take orders from Bronxdale, and properly enough, for our town is a born leader in respect to heat. Having no property to sell, I candidly admit that Bronxdale is not of an arctic nature in summer, except socially, perhaps. Socially it is the coolest town on the Hudson; but we are at this moment not discussing cordiality, fraternal love, or the question raised by the Declaration of Independence as to whether all men are born equal. The warmth we have in hand is what the old lady called "Fahrenheat," and from a thermometric point of view Bronxdale, if I may be a trifle slangy, as I sometimes am, has heat to burn. There are mitigations of this heat, it is true, but they generally come along in winter.

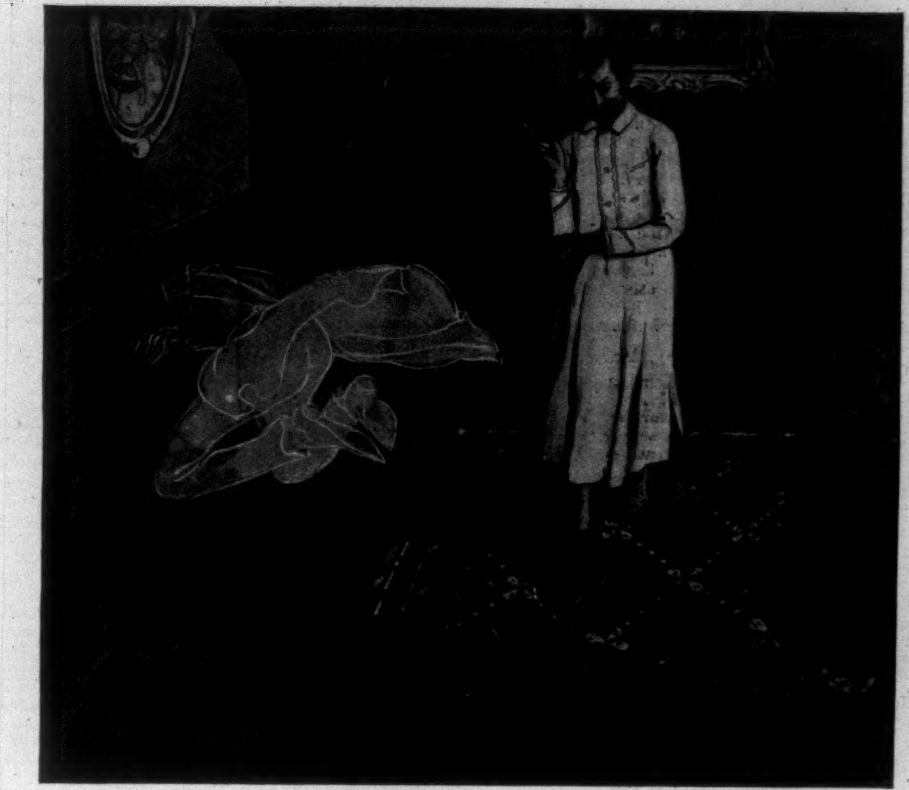
I must claim, in behalf of my town, that never in all my experience have I known a summer so hot that it was not, sooner or later—by January, anyhow—followed by a cool spell. But in the summer of ninety-five even the real-estate agents confessed that the cold wave announced by the weather bureau at Washington summered elsewhere—in the tropics, perhaps, but not at Bronxdale. In fact, some evilly disposed persons asserted that there weren't any waves of that kind anywhere, and that the Democratic administration didn't really know cold weather when it saw it, which as a Democrat I desire to brand as a lie on the face of it. The party may not know much, but it does know what a cold wave is. At any rate, Bronxdale was hot. One didn't dare take a bath in the morning for fear of being



"AND SO THROUGHOUT THAT WHOLE SIZZLING SUMMER THE FRIENDLY SPECTRE STOOD BY ME."

scalded by the fluid that flowed from the cold-water faucet—our reservoir is entirely unprotected by shade trees, and in summer a favorite spot for young Waltons who like to catch bass already boiled—my neighbors and myself lived on cracked ice, ice-cream, and destructive cold drinks. I do not myself mind hot weather in the daytime, but hot nights are killing. I can't sleep. I toss about for hours, and then for the sake of variety I flop, but sleep cometh not. My debts double and my income seems to sizzle away under the influence of a hot sleepless night; and it was just here that a certain awful thing saved me from the insanity which is a certain result of parboiled insomnia.

It was about the 16th of July, which, as I remember reading in an extra edition of the *Evening Bun*, got out to mention the fact, was the hottest 16th of July known in thirty-eight years. I had retired at half past seven, after dining lightly upon a cold salmon and a gallon of iced tea—not because I was tired, but because I wanted to get down to first principles at once, and remove my clothing, and sort of spread myself over all the territory I could, which is a thing you can't do in a library, or even in a white and gold parlor. If man were constructed like a machine, as he really ought to be, to be strictly comfortable—a machine that could be taken apart like an eight-day clock—I should have taken myself apart, putting one section of myself on the roof, another part in the spare room, hanging a third on the clothes-line in the yard, and so on, leaving my head in the ice-box; but unfortunately we have to keep ourselves together in this life, hence I did the only thing one can do, and retired, and incidentally spread myself over some freshly baked bedclothing. There was some relief from the heat, but not much. I had been roasting, and while my sensations were somewhat like those which I imagine come to a planked shad when he first finds himself spread out over the plank, there was a mitigation. My temperature fell off from 167 to about 163, which is not quite enough to make a man absolutely content. Suddenly, however, I began to shiver. There was no breeze, but I began to shiver.



"HE GREW IRIDESCENT WITH WRATH, AND FLED MADLY THROUGH THE WAINSCOTING OF THE ROOM."

"It is getting cooler," I thought, as the chill came on, and I rose and looked at the thermometer. It still registered the highest possible point, and the mercury was rebelliously trying to break through the top of the glass tube and take a stroll on the roof.

"That's queer," I said to myself. "It's as hot as ever, and yet I'm shivering. I wonder if my goose is cooked? I've certainly got a chill."

I jumped back into bed and pulled the sheet up over me; but still I shivered. Then I pulled the blanket up, but the chill continued. I couldn't seem to get warm again. Then came the counterpane, and finally I had to put on my bath-robe—a fuzzy woollen affair, which in midwinter I had sometimes found too warm for comfort. Even then I was not sufficiently bundled up, so I called for an extra blanket, two afghans, and the hot-water bag.

Everybody in the house thought I had gone mad, and I wondered myself if perhaps I hadn't, when all of a sudden I perceived, off in the corner, the Awful Thing, and perceiving it, I knew all.

I was being haunted, and the physical repugnance of which I have spoken was on. The cold shiver, the invariable accompaniment of the ghostly visitant, had come, and I assure you I never was so glad of anything in my life. It has always been said of me by my critics that I am raw; I was afraid that after that night they would say I was half baked, and I would far rather be the one than the other; and it was the Awful Thing that saved me. Realizing this, I spoke to it gratefully.

"You are a heaven-born gift on a night like this," said I, rising up and walking to its side.

"I am glad to be of service to you," the Awful Thing replied, smiling at me so yellowly that I almost wished the author of the *Blue-Button of Cowardice* could have seen it.

"It's very good of you," I put in.

"Not at all," replied the Thing; "you are the only man I know who doesn't think it necessary to prevaricate about ghosts every time he gets an order for a Christmas story. There have been more lies told about us than about any other class of things in existence, and we are getting a trifle tired of it. We may have lost our corporeal existence, but some of our sensitiveness still remains."

"Well," said I, rising and lighting the gas-logs—for I was on the very verge of congealment—"I am sure I am pleased if you like my stories."

"Oh, as for that, I don't think much of them," said the Awful Thing, with a purple display of candor which amused me, although I cannot say that I relished it, "but you never lie about us. You are not at all interesting, but you are truthful, and we spooks hate libellers. Just because one happens to be a thing is no reason why writers should libel it, and that's why I have always respected you. We regard you as a sort of spook Boswell. You may be dull and stupid, but you tell the truth, and when I saw you in imminent danger of becoming a mere grease spot, owing to the fearful heat, I decided to help you through. That's why I'm here. Go to sleep now. I'll stay here and keep you shivering until daylight anyhow. I'd stay longer, but we are always laid at sunrise."

"Like an egg," I said, sleepily.

"Tutt!" said the ghost. "Go to sleep. If you talk I'll have to go."

And so I dropped off to sleep as softly and as sweetly as a tired child. In the morning I awoke refreshed. The rest of my family were prostrated, but I was fresh. The Awful Thing was gone, and the room was warming up again; and if it had not been for the tinkling ice in my water-pitcher, I should have suspected it was all a dream. And so throughout that whole sizzling summer the friendly spectre stood by me and kept me cool, and I haven't a doubt that it was because of his good offices in keeping me shivering on those fearful August nights that I survived the season, and came to my work in the autumn as fit as a fiddle—so fit, indeed, that I have not written a poem since that has not struck me as being the very best of its kind, and if I can find a publisher who will take the risk of putting those poems out, I shall unequivocally and without hesitation acknowledge, as I do here, my debt of gratitude to my friends in the spirit world.

Manifestations of this nature, then, are harmful, as I have already observed, only when the person who is haunted yields to his physical impulses. Fought stubbornly inch by inch with the will, they can be subdued, and often they are a boon. I think I have proved both these points. It took me a long time to discover the facts, however, and my discovery came about in this way. It may perhaps interest you to know how I made it. I encountered at the English home of a wealthy friend at one time a "presence" of an insulting turn of mind. It was at my friend Jarley's little baronial hall, which he had rented from the Earl of Brokedale the year Mrs. Jarley was presented at court. The Countess of Brokedale's social influence went with the château for a slightly increased rental, which was why the Jarleys took it. I was invited to spend a month with them, not so much because Jarley is fond of me as because Mrs. Jarley had a sort of an idea that, as a writer, I might say something about their newly acquired glory in some American Sunday newspaper; and Jarley laughingly assigned to me the "haunted chamber," without at least one of which no baronial hall in the old country is considered worthy of the name.

"It will interest you more than any other," Jarley said; "and if it has a ghost, I imagine you will be able to subdue him."

I gladly accepted the hospitality of my friend, and was delighted at his consideration in giving me the haunted chamber, where I might pursue my investigations into the subject of phantoms undisturbed. Deserting London, then, for a time, I ran down to Brokedale Hall, and took up my abode there with a half-dozen other guests. Jarley, as usual since his sudden "gold-fall," as Wilkins called it, did everything with a lavish hand. I believe a man could have got diamonds on toast if he had chosen to ask for them. However, this is apart from my story.

I had occupied the haunted chamber about two weeks before anything of importance occurred, and then it came—and a more unpleasant, ill-mannered spook never floated in the ether. He materialized about 3 A.M., and was unpleasantly sulphurous to one's perceptions. He sat upon the divan in my room, holding his knees in his hands, leering and scowling upon me as though I were the intruder, and not he.

"Who are you?" I asked, excitedly, as in the dying light of the log fire he loomed grimly up before me.

"None of your business," he replied, insolently, showing his teeth as he spoke. "On the other hand, who are you? This is my room, and not yours, and it is I who have the right to question. If you have any business here, well and good. If not, you will oblige me by removing yourself, for your presence is offensive to me."

"I am a guest in the house," I answered, restraining my impulse to throw the inkstand at him for his impudence. "And this room has been set apart for my use by my host."

"One of the servant's guests, I presume?" he added, insultingly, his lividly lavenderlike lip upcurling into a haughty sneer, which was maddening to a self-respecting worm like myself.

I rose up from my bed, and picked up the poker to bat him over the head, but again I restrained myself. It will not do to quarrel, I thought. I will be courteous, if he is not, thus giving a dead Englishman a lesson which wouldn't hurt some of the living.

"No," I said, my voice tremulous with wrath—"no; I am the guest of my friend Mr. Jarley, an American, who—"

"Same thing," observed the intruder, with a yellow

"THEN HE SET ABOUT TELLING ME OF THE BEAUTIFUL GOLD AND SILVER WARE THEY USE IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS."

sneer. "Race of low-class animals, those Americans—only fit for a gentleman's stables, you know."

This was too much. A ghost may insult me with impunity, but when he tackles my people he must look out for himself. I sprang forward with an ejaculation of wrath, and with all my strength struck at him with the poker, which I still held in my hand. If he had been anything but a ghost, he would have been split vertically from top to toe; but as it was, the poker passed harmlessly through his misty make-up, and rent a great gash two feet long in Jarley's divan. The yellow sneer faded from his lips, and a maddening blue smile took its place.

"Humph!" he observed, nonchalantly. "What a useless ebullition, and what a vulgar display of temper! Really you are the most humorous insect I have yet encountered. From what part of the States do you come? I am truly interested to know in what kind of soil exotics of your peculiar kind are cultivated. Are you part of the fauna or the flora of your tropical States—or what?"

And then I realized the truth. There is no physical method of combating a ghost which can result in his discomfiture, so I resolved to try the intellectual. It was a mind-to-mind contest, and he was easy prey after I got going. I joined him in his blue smile, and began to talk about the English aristocracy; for I doubted not, from the spectre's manner, that he was or had been one of that class. He had about him that haughty lack of manners which bespoke the aristocrat. I waxed very eloquent when, as I say, I got my mind really going. I spoke of kings and queens and their uses in no uncertain phrases, of divine right, of dukes, earls, marquises—of all the pompous establishments of British royalty and nobility—with that contemptuously humorous tolerance of a necessary and somewhat amusing evil which we find in American comic papers. We had a battle royal for about one hour, and I must confess he was a foeman worthy of any man's steel, so long as I was reasonable in my arguments; but when I finally observed that it wouldn't be ten years before Barnum and Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth had the whole lot engaged for the New York circus season, stalking about the Madison Square Garden arena, with the Prince of Wales at the head beating a tomtom, he grew iridescent with wrath, and fled madly through the wainscoting of the room. It was purely a mental victory. All the physical possibilities of my being would have exhausted themselves futilely before him; but when I turned upon him the resources of my fancy, my imagination unrestrained, and held back by no sense of responsibility, he was as a child in my hands, obstreperous but certain to be subdued. If it were not for Mrs. Jarley's wrath—which, I admit, she tried to conceal—over the damage to her divan, I should now look back upon that visitation as the most agreeable haunting experience of my life; at any rate, it was at that time that I first learned how to handle ghosts, and since that time I have been able to overcome them without trouble—save in one instance, with which I shall close this chapter of my reminiscences, and which I give only to prove the necessity of observing strictly one point in dealing with spectres.

It happened last Christmas, in my own home. I had provided as a little surprise for my wife a complete new solid silver service marked with her initials. The tree had been prepared for the children, and all had retired save myself. I had lingered later than the others to put the silver service under the tree, where its happy recipient would find it when she went to the tree with the little ones the next morning. It made a magnificent display: the two dozen of each kind of spoon, the forks, the knives, the coffee-pot, water-urn, and all; the salvers, the vegetable-dishes, olive-forks, cheese-scoops, and other dazzling attributes of a complete service, not to go into details, presented a fairly scintillating picture which would have made me gasp if I had not, at the moment when my own breath began to catch, heard another gasp in the corner immediately behind me. Turning about quickly to see whence it came, I observed a dark figure in the pale light of the moon which streamed in through the window.

"Who are you?" I cried, starting back, the physical symptoms of a ghostly presence manifesting themselves as usual.

"I am the ghost of one long gone before," was the reply, in sepulchral tones.

I breathed a sigh of relief, for I had for a moment feared it was a burglar.

"Oh!" I said. "You gave me a start at first. I was afraid you were a material thing come to rob me." Then turning toward the tree, I observed, with a wave of the hand, "Fine lay out, eh?"

"Beautiful," he said, hollowly. "Yet not so beautiful as things I've seen in realms beyond your ken."

And then he set about telling me of the beautiful gold and silver ware they used in the Elysian fields, and I must confess Monte Cristo would have had a hard time, with Sindbad the Sailor to help, to surpass the picture of royal magnificence the spectre drew. I stood enthralled, until, even as he was talking, the clock struck three, when he rose up, and moving slowly across the floor, barely visible, murmured regretfully that he must be off, with which he faded away down the back stairs. I pulled my nerves, which were getting rather strained, together again, and went to bed.

Next morning every bit of that silver-ware was gone; and, what is more, three weeks later I found the ghost's picture in the Rogues' Gallery in New York as that of the cleverest sneak-thief in the country.

All of which, let me say to you, dear reader, in conclusion, proves that when you are dealing with ghosts you mustn't give up all your physical resources until you have definitely ascertained that the thing, horrid or otherwise, is a ghost, and not an all too material rogue with a light step, and a commodious jute bag for plunder concealed beneath his coat.

"How to tell a ghost?" you ask.

Well, as an eminent writer of fiction frequently observes in his writings, "that is another story," which I shall hope some time to tell for your instruction and my own aggrandizement.

CHRISTMAS.

Ruling the sky, one single star,
  Illumined as a gem,
Once shone in centuries afar
  Wide over Bethlehem.

Its radiance bathed the darkened earth,
  With life enhaloed death;
It came to tell the sacred birth
  Of Him of Nazareth.

The air a holy influence took,
  All things grew fair to see,—
A new gleam touched each lake and brook
  That crystalled Galilee.

Meek oxen, dumb within their stalls,
  Seemed half transfigured there;
Between the ricks and living walls
  Went up the breath of prayer.

Foul shapes of sin fell back aghast,
  As if their end had come,
And Sorrow's self drooped, as though cast
  For future martyrdom.

The Magi, seeing the wondrous light,
  Came, precious gifts to bring;
And, half in worship and affright,
  Mused long and wondering.

The tides of Time still forward flow,
  Whereto no wise man saith,
Except as one event may show
  Linked with far Nazareth.

So, ever when the Christmas morn
  Dawns in the eastern sky,
Hope comes to human hearts forlorn,
  As if our God walked by.

Bright holly wreaths and laurel bring,
  Make feasts and melody,
To honor Heaven's eternal King
  On earth and sounding sea!

For that fair light in Bethlehem's sky
  Leads but to thoughts of Him;
No centuried date as Time sweeps by
  Will ever leave it dim.

Peal, bells, upon the crystal air,
  Let earthly tumults cease—
Fade, mocking doubt and grim despair,—
  Come, Universal Peace!

Joel Benton.

A CONTRABAND CHRISTMAS.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

THE sole qualification the old negro ventured to offer in support of his plea for employment was that he knew all about horses, yet the general hired him on the spot, and bade the cook at headquarters mess give him some supper and a place to sleep. That the poor fellow stood in sore need of both was a matter every one saw at a glance. The brigade had gone into camp after a short march, and the white tents were dotting the wooded slopes overhanging the Potomac beyond the Chain Bridge. The afternoon had been spent in getting settled and wondering what we had come there for, and late that lovely October evening, as a number of staff and regimental officers were sitting about the camp-fire at headquarters, there had suddenly appeared this quaint, travel-stained, dilapidated old darky, humbly bowing to every officer whose eye he could catch and begging for a word with the general. The brigade commander was a man whose heart was ever open to the appeal of any of God's creatures in want or distress, and his kind voice answered at once: "What is it, uncle? Come here." Hat in his trembling hands, the negro stepped forward and stood in the full glare of the firelight. There was none of the levity of young darkyhood about him; no smirks or grins or chuckles. His wrinkled face was clouded with deep anxiety. His bearing was meek and full of wistful appeal. There was something so unconsciously pathetic in his attitude and in the glance of his mournful eyes that silence fell upon the group. Every man felt that here was a story.

"I was hopin' I could get work from some of the officers, marster," the old negro said. "I's been coachman ober twenty-five yeahs, suh. I knows all about hawses."

"Where, uncle?"

For a moment there was hesitation and silence. This was only the first year of the war. Runaway slaves had been in some cases handed back to their owners, but never from that brigade. A great trouble clouded the black face. The sad, tired eyes glanced pleadingly about, and again the general spoke:

"You need have no fear, uncle. You're among friends. You have been a slave, have you not?"

"Yeas, suh. Marse Pendleton's, suh, ober near Front Royal."

"Major Pendleton—*Richard* Pendleton? And you have come all the way on foot?"

"Yeas, suh. Dere wa'n't no udder way."

"I used to know your master well, uncle. And you took care of *his* horses?"

The negro's face lighted with hope.

"Yeas, suh, for twenty-five yeahs—until young marse went to de wah an' dey wasn't no hawses left, suh. My boy's wid him now, suh, as body-suhv'nt."

The general turned and summoned his orderly forthwith and bade him call the cook, and, tired, footsore, hungry though he was, not until he had made his obeisance to every officer in the party would old uncle submit to be led away and fed and comforted.

Such, in brief, was the story of Marmion's first appearance at brigade headquarters. There were only four or five officers attached to it in those early days of the war, for our general was modest and moderate. He had one aide-de-camp, a young gentleman recently graduated from the shades of Gotham's most famous college and the ranks of Gotham's most famous regiment. He had his authorized adjutant-general, brigade quartermaster, and brigade commissary, but the brigade surgeon and certain aides-de-camp to become necessities later in the campaign were not yet in evidence. There were only eight horses in all the headquarters stables. One of the enlisted men detailed from the "Badgers" was promptly relieved from what his comrades termed his "soft chuck" detail, and Marmion, fitted out with shoes, shirt, and trousers at least less aggressively ragged than those in which he arrived, was placed in sole charge of the general's horses and those of his aide-de-camp.

Now the captain of that soldier's company was what was then termed a War Democrat. That is to say, he had tendered his services for the preservation of the Union, but was preservation and pro-slavery mixed. Many a War Democrat very soon dropped the pro-slavery and all of them stuck to the preservation, so I speak of the class only with respect. As a groom or hostler, the soldier had not been a success, but it was better fun, better food, and better pay around headquarters than drilling hour after hour in the hot sun with his regiment. His captain had growled at having to make the detail in the first place, but had soothed his feelings by sending the biggest nuisance in the company. Then he had devoted much time and blasphemy to the description of how that cuss Murphy was wallowing in whiskey and idleness at headquarters, while he and his comrades of Company C were slaving in camp, and drilling on the plain, and furnishing guards for both brigade camp and regimental camp and the neighboring redoubts and bridges. Thus having acquired the habit of growling, the captain found it impossible to break off when one day Private Murphy came back with a long face and a short note. For weeks the captain had cursed because Murphy was kept at headquarters. Now he turned to and swore because he was relieved, "and me never consulted."

The next thing heard at brigade headquarters was that that officer was toting his tale of woe to another brigade, having worn out the ears of his own—a brigade commanded by another W. D.—and that general had expressed much consternation at the news thus brought him: that his brother brigadier was harboring a runaway slave. The regiments in the command of the brother brigadier were better drilled and disciplined than those of the W. D., and a general high in rank and command had said so. Therefore was there gall in the heart of the commander thus disparaged, and now he had something wherewith to prod his unconscious rival. He came with appropriate ceremony—and staff officers—to pay a formal call one keen October evening; and after the proper compliments and proffered hospitalities, and the repetition of these latter until the call became protracted and the caller callous, the real motive of the visit was unveiled. General W. D. desired to see General B. D.'s (Better Drill) horses, and they were promptly paraded, but not by Marmion.

For the first time since he had joined headquarters, Marmion was apparently not within sight or hearing. The mounted orderly who brought up the horses said that Marmion was at the stable when General W. D. arrived, but must have gone somewhere. Then it transpired that General W. D. was not so much interested in the horses after all—he barely glanced at them.

"Ah, general," he finally drawled, "I supposed you knew it was contrary to orders to harbor runaway slaves."

Our general was a very courteous, genial, generous man ordinarily, but he had been known to flare up volcanically at times, and now his brown-black eyes began to emit sparks. One could almost hear the crackle. What was distinctly heard, however, was a very calm, if somewhat caustic,

"I knew it—perfectly." And our general replaced his cigar between his compressing lips, turned in his camp-chair, and squarely confronted his visitor.

"Well—but—I understood—least I'm told you've got a nigger here that belongs over in the valley."

"*Belonged* over in the valley, perhaps, but now he belongs here."

"Well—p'r'aps it's none of my business, but—" And while the visitor paused for ponderous words with which to crush his host, the latter swept the boards. With calm deliberation, said he,

"That proposition, general, is unassailable—provided you stop right there."

Our visitor flushed angrily.

"I'm not to be treated cavalierly in this affair, sir," he began, his utterance a trifle thick, his pose a bit unsteady, for he had risen from his chair and was facing our chief, who also arose and composedly puffed at his cigar. "Gentlemen in the garb of Federal officers have no right obstructing the laws. I'm told this nigger admitted to you at the outset that he belonged to Major Pendleton, of Front Royal, and, if that be the case, as a friend of the major's I shall see that steps are taken to require you to return him."

Then came the unexpected.

The aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Stuyvesant, fairly sprang forward and, with flashing eyes and nervously clinching fists, burst impetuously into speech.

"As an older friend of the major's, sir, I'll bet you ten to one you can't."

The guard tents of the Badgers' camp were but a hundred yards away, and there was always much speculation among the men there on duty as to just what did take place that night at brigade headquarters. But they might as well have asked the Sphinx. No officer who was present would speak of it. The mounted orderly was muzzled. No servants or "strikers" were within earshot.

All that was known for quite a while was that there had been an altercation; that General W. D. had been drinking too much, and showed it; that after some confused, excited talk, in which his voice was heard angrily raised, his party had hastily mounted and ridden away, and Lieutenant Stuyvesant was led to his tent. Somebody said that Captain Blount, of W. D.'s staff—"Unnurtured Blount," as he was known in the division—had challenged Lieutenant Stuyvesant, and that they were to fight at dawn; but they didn't, Stuyvesant being confined to his canvas by threat of arrest.

"I will have no duelling in my command," said our general; then, with glaring inconsistency: "If General W. D. feels aggrieved when he sobers up, let him send his seconds to me. Now tell Marmion to come here."

"Have you ever seen General W. D. before to-night, Marmion?" asked the general as soon as his black hostler appeared—and, now that W. D. was gone, he was found without trouble.

"Yeas, suh, at White Sulphur, suh, las' year, where the family spent the summer. My boy, suh, waited on him then. He was Captain W. D. then, suh."

"That was the reason you couldn't be found to-night?"

Marmion's big eyes rolled troublously. The wrinkled old face grew darker through distress and perplexity. He twisted the worn felt hat in the toil-worn fingers. Plainly Marmion was at a loss to explain his motives.

"Speak out like a man, Marmion," said the general, finally. "You are safe from threat or punishment here in these camps."

"My boy wasn't, suh," was the faltering answer. "He runned away las' April, 'fore young marse got home from college. They sold his wife and baby to Washington—and he followed. Dey done got him at Foht Runyon in June, suh. Marse W. D. had jus' been made ginerl. He sent him back to young marse, who'd joined the Black Horse Cavalry, suh. Dey was jus' back of Centreville then. No, suh, dey didn't flog him. Young mistis and old marse was bofe wid young marse, and *dey* was good to him, but he couldn't do nuffin' but cry 'bout his wife and dat lil' boy—'n' I tole him I'd find 'em an' earn de money to buy 'em back. Dey's all I's got left, too, Marse General. Dat's wha *I* come."

The general's black eyes were blinking when Marmion finished. Only his chief-of-staff and the orderly had remained within hearing.

"We'll find out for you what became of the wife and that little boy, Marmion," said he. "Meantime, you stick to your work. No one will disturb you here. That order has been a dead letter for months, and you won't have to buy back that girl and baby—unless the war goes the wrong way."

But it was long before the war seemed going the right way. Meantime, faithfully did old Marmion follow the movements of his new master; faithfully did he serve him and groom, feed, and physic, when need be, the general's horses. A silent, observant, unobtrusive old darky he was, ever on the alert, never missing when needed, never complaining, never asking. Every month, all but a dollar, he brought his wages to the quartermaster, who formally receipted, and those receipts Marmion filed away in his one possession and first investment—a spelling book.

Next he had asked the sutler for items that made that acute salesman look dazed—a slate and pencil. Lieutenant Stuyvesant had been sent away on two weeks' leave just after that episode at the Bridge, and came back from New York and found Marmion squatted on the straw laboriously copying the letters written on his slate by his friend, the mounted orderly, and Stuyvesant's eyes lighted with interest. "You're doing wonderfully well, uncle. Sure you never had any lessons before?"

"Jus' a few, suh—las' yeah when young mistis come home from school. Den she went to where young marse was 'tendin' college, an' she jus' got home when he did, when de wah come."

"Give me the pencil, uncle," said Stuyvesant, with a glow in his face, at sight of which the orderly blinked and wondered. "I'm not much of a penman, but I can make better M's and N's than that copy."

"Yeas, suh. Dem isn't like what Miss Nina made. But *you's* got it, suh. Well, I neber see de beat!" And Marmion's black eyes shone with admiration and delight. The aide-de-camp's face beamed with some strange answering emotion, and the orderly strolled out into the Virginia starlight, unnoted, conscious that his occupation, that part of it at least, was gone.

Less than a month after Stuyvesant's return from leave he surprised the brigade commander by a request for four days' furlough. The general looked up from his letter. "Why, Stuyvesant, didn't you say you'd had enough of leave for this year at least?"

"I did, sir. I didn't want that last one at all. It was forced on me, in fact; to keep me out of trouble with Blount, I suppose. No, general, but I think I know where to find Marmion's boy's wife and baby." And the aide-de-camp held forth a letter that drew the general's eyes from his subordinate's face.

"Ah, sets the wind in that quarter?" murmured the brigadier to himself, as he conned the page. "I thought I heard of havoc done by Nina Pendleton's bright eyes last winter; and Marmion's boy's wife was once Miss Nina's little hand-maiden, he tells me, and a very pretty row Miss Nina made when she got home and found her gone—sold. At least she did until she learned the truth, poor girl: that my old-time friend and classmate was practically a ruined man—ruined before the war came on to cloak the causes of his poverty. Poor Dick!" And the veteran soldier's thoughts went back to days when he, too, with Pendleton, was young and full of hope, when almost the first service after their graduation they had seen together in the Seminole war.

And now Dick junior and Stuyvesant had been boys together at Columbia. Why, of course. The dashing young Virginian had spent the days of his student life under the roof of his aunt, his mother's only sister, the wife of the wealthy old banker and broker Delmar. It was there Nina had "come out" the eventful winter just preceding the war. It was there Stuyvesant must have met her, and, having met her—well, no wonder his aide-de-camp was more interested in Marmion's correspondence than in his own. "All right, Stuyvesant, take a week if you like. There'll be nothing doing along this line, I fear, for many a month." And the general sighed. It was all quiet—all too quiet—along the Potomac to suit him that early winter of the war, that winter that followed the first and preceded the second visit to Manassas.

But action came that more than compensated for the long months' inactivity. The brigade went through the crash of battle after battle, campaign after campaign, and at last our general, with the double stars upon his shoulders, found himself with Sheridan and the Sixth Corps up in the Shenandoah, and two men in the division headquarters party were strangely moved as they followed their commander up the valley pike, and, looking away eastward towards the deep rift in the Blue Ridge, saw the smoke wreaths rising over the once placid and sheltered nook where nestled far Front Royal. These two were Stuyvesant and Marmion.

Evil days had befallen the proud household of the Pendletons. A wounded reb, who was being cared for by the division surgeon, just after the fierce fight at Winchester, told Stuyvesant that Colonel Dick was now commanding his regiment, the —th Virginia Cavalry, but that the old major and his devoted daughter were living almost in destitution somewhere up near Harrisonburg, having only a few months before been burned out of house and home.

Then came Marmion's first breach of all military proprieties. During the temporary absence of the division commander he borrowed a horse of that absent owner, wheedled the corps commander out of a pass, and was gone two days on some sad quest, from which he returned bowed and utterly dispirited, but, until questioned by Stuyvesant, bearing his sorrow in silence. Then, with sobs, the old darky told how everything was gone, the homestead, the stables, the quarters, old marse and young mistis, the housekeeper, the overseer, the hands, the neighbors—there wasn't even a dog left that knew him. He had no idea how or where to get word to his boy that the young wife and bouncing boy were safe and well, provided with a home by Stuyvesant's people, and supported in comfort by his own savings, all need of their repurchase ended long before by the proclamation that struck the shackles from the slave.

Three years now had the faithful old darky had sole charge of the general's horses and those of Stuyvesant, and in all that time no word had come from his boy with Colonel Dick, no direct line or word from the family of his former master. October had just opened when, within the Union lines, within range of the guns at Sheridan's headquarters, a brilliant young officer was murdered by guerillas wearing the uniform of the United States, and in his wrath the commander ordered the immediate firing of every house within five miles of the spot. Custer's troopers were charged with the execution of the stern command. Stuyvesant, with Marmion at his heels, had ridden mournfully through the smoke of the blazing homesteads, powerless to interfere, and only shook his head when a wailing woman, addressing him by name, which she had doubtless learned from some of the soldiers, implored him to prevent the destruction of a farm-house some little distance off the pike. "A soldier can only obey orders," he sadly said, and hastened on to overtake his general, little heeding at the time the furious words hurled after him.

"You'll rue this to your dying day, you and your cowardly crew. I only pray God our turn may come soon."

And hardly had a fortnight passed when the time seemed to have come. Out from the mists of dawn, up from the fog wreaths that overhung the North Fork, came leaping lines in Confederate uniform, gray as the mist, and well-nigh as noiseless. Over the drowsy pickets they rolled, up the heights they swarmed, and Gordon, Ramseur, and Pegram sent their men full dash into the sleeping camps of Crook, over the abandoned tents of Emory, and then, from east and south, bore down on the now isolated Sixth Corps. Hard work had Marmion saving the general's horses that bitter day, and, after all, to no purpose, for both were killed beneath their raging rider's legs, and he himself, the idol of his men, was borne to the rear severely wounded. When, later on, with the coming of Sheridan, the tide was turned to glorious victory, old Marmion was found sitting in the red dust of the road-side, the only man in all the bloody field who seemed to have no care which way the battle went, for the men he loved and served were gone.

Two months later great columns of cavalry swept through the valley, and one of these slipped over through the Blue Ridge past Front Royal, leaving strong guards at every pass and ford, while a single division of infantry held the neighborhood of Winchester. It was bitter December weather, the coldest that had fettered the Shenandoah for years. The snow was often deep. The desolation was intense. Our general still languished in hospital at Washington; but, eager for service, back came Major Stuyvesant to the front with letters commending him to Sheridan, and the first man to greet him was his old friend and fellow-staff-officer, the brigade quartermaster, now on provost-marshal duty, and the first question Stuyvesant asked was, "Has anything been heard of the Pendletons?"

The provost marshal's face clouded. "Yes; Dick was wounded at Woodstock, pinned underneath his horse—wanted to fight Custer's whole division, and he's somewhere North in prison now. Marmion heard the others were in Richmond, but he's been hanging around here ever since. He drew his money, and sent a part of it to his grandchild that he used to tell about, and hid the rest somewhere around here. But the old man looks as though he hadn't much hope of seeing his boy again—or 'ole marse,' as he calls him, either."

The very night after Stuyvesant reported came orders for him to report for duty to a certain distinguished officer of the engineer corps, who, with the escort of a strong brigade, was to go some distance up the valley on a scout, taking eight days' rations. "A sweet way to spend Christmas," said the other staff-officers; but Stuyvesant was mum. He was silently packing his saddle-bags, when a comrade came to the tent door, saying, "Major, a venerable contraband is here inquiring for you." And there, shivering in the cold, but with hope lighting the worn old face, was Marmion. Marmion had come to beg Marse Stuyvesant to let him have care of his horses again, and he had not to ask twice.

Three days later the detachment was in bivouac amid the snows and slush along the North Fork. Off to the left lay the valley turnpike, strongly picketed. Here, close under the bowlder-strewn heights to the west, meandered the back road, dotted every few hundred yards by squads in light blue overcoats. Midway across the valley the westering sun was glinting on the few windows of a desolate-looking town. Close at hand a strong support of an infantry picket had stacked its arms, started its cook fires, and was preparing coffee. At the angle of a field, the walls of which were mainly tumbled down, stood an old-fashioned, square built, single-storied house of unhewn stone. A sentry paced in front. Guards and orderlies were scattered about, and from its single chimney the smoke was beginning to curl, and from the open doorway came the sound of jovial, hearty voices. Presently there dismounted at the winding road-side to the west two officers of evident importance—one, a man of years, whose war-worn look told of long service in the army; the other, though a field-officer, as shown by his double-breasted coat, a far more youthful man. Orderlies sprang to hold their horses. An old negro hobbled out from the kitchen of the stone house and led their mounts beneath a shed, dilapidated as his own costume. Loitering soldiers close at hand respectfully saluted, and as the elder officer strode into the shattered doorway, the sound of voices suddenly ceased and some of the jovial crowd came bulging forth.

"Hullo, Stuyvesant!" hailed one of these to the younger soldier, awaiting his chance to follow the leader. "The old man caught us taking a tod. Remind him it's Christmas eve, will you, and say we'd like another."

"Come round in quarter of an hour, soon as we've had a chance to overhaul the map, and Marmion shall brew you some apple toddy that 'll make your head swim; but mind you come before sunset. There's no telling what's ahead for to-night or what's beyond us 'way up the valley, but it looks like mischief. Start a fire in the front room, old man," he ordered. "We'll have visitors before we're an hour older. Ay, ay, colonel; coming, sir, at once." And tossing his overcoat to a servant, the young officer entered the now well-ordered room. Against the wall leaned two or three officers, silently eying the senior, who, seating himself at an old-fashioned clumsy table, had unfolded some rough topographical notes he had made during the day, and was busy studying them.

Stuyvesant seated himself at the table, and began to plot out on a map the results of the colonel's reconnaissance. With some sticks of split cordwood in his arms, Marmion had stumbled in and was kneeling by the hearth. Suddenly the quiet of the room was broken by the deep voice of the infantry sergeant, who brought his left hand with a whack to the ringing rammer of the Springfield in the hollow of his shoulder, and announced,

"Lady, sir, to see the colonel."

Colonel Bullitt looked quickly up and glared at the doorway. A tall, slender, graceful form in riding-dress was outlined against the yellowing sky, but of the features of the fair arrival he could distinguish nothing, until, with calm composure, she stepped within the doorway, the soldier guard close behind her, and then pausing, she swept the little room with one rapid glance of her heavily fringed eyes, taking in the loiterers at the walls, who had quickly started up from their lounging position; the negro kneeling, back towards her, at the fireplace; the stalwart officer at the table, who glanced up from his work with a look almost of impatience at the interruption; and finally resting on the colonel's war-worn face. He bowed gravely and waited for her to speak.

The instant she opened her lips Stuyvesant jumped to his feet and faced her. Marmion dropped the stick he was planting on the top of his pyre, and with starting eyes gazed imploringly without a word.

"Is there a doctor—" was all she was heard to say before Stuyvesant sprang back to her, one half-stifled cry, one single word upon his lips—

"Nina!"

Her face was pale and wan a moment before. Now it fairly flamed. Out went her little hand in its worn gauntlet with a gesture of repulsion. Drawing back scornfully, she refused to notice his extended hand. Her magnificent eyes flashed fire. Amazed at this reception, the young staff-officer colored deeply; a cloud of dismay and wonderment overspread his face. Slowly his hand fell by his side. Slowly he stepped back.

"There is some mistake," she said, with cutting emphasis. "I took this *gentleman* to be the commanding officer."

It was now Bullitt's turn. He was an old married man, with a houseful of daughters at home, and no patience with what he termed "rebel melodramatics." "I *am* the colonel," he said, "but no more a gentleman than he whom you refused to treat as one."

"Colonel, I beg you—" interposed Stuyvesant. "You don't understand."

"I understand that this young lady desires a doctor for some purpose. What is it?" said Bullitt, sturdily, his eyes glooming at first, then softening instantly when he saw the sudden change that overcame her. Her bosom heaved. Her hands toyed nervously with her whip. The glorious eyes began to fill, the pretty, sensitive lips to twitch ominously.

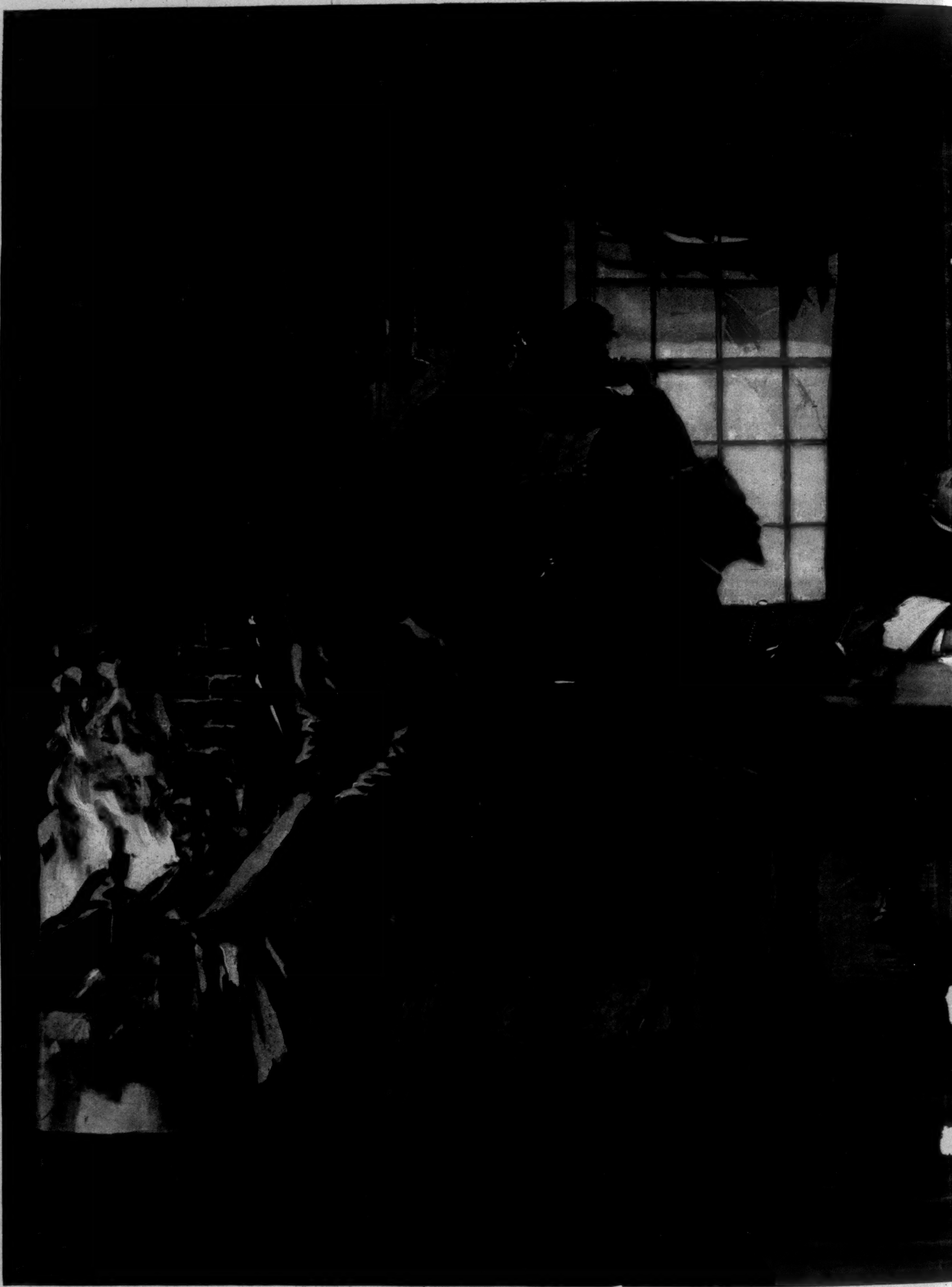
"My father," she began, brokenly, then had to pause to recover composure—"my father is wretchedly ill. We have no doctor, no medicine, nothing." And that "nothing" came up like a sob. "I was riding in hopes of finding help, and was arrested by your pickets." And now the high spirit of the Southern girl came to her aid, and she drew herself almost defiantly up. "I asked the name of the colonel, and they told me it was Bullitt, and Bullitt was the name of an old army friend my father once dearly loved—"

"Great Heaven!" cried the colonel, shoving back his chair and springing to his feet. "Is your father Dick Pendleton? My child—my child— Where is he? Forgive me that I did not know you. Quick there, sergeant, a chair! Where's that apple-jack of yours, Stuyvesant?"

Two men sprang to her aid, the younger first to reach her, and the arm so lately scorned enfolded, supported, lowered her to the chair on one side, while Bullitt bent anxiously over her on the other.

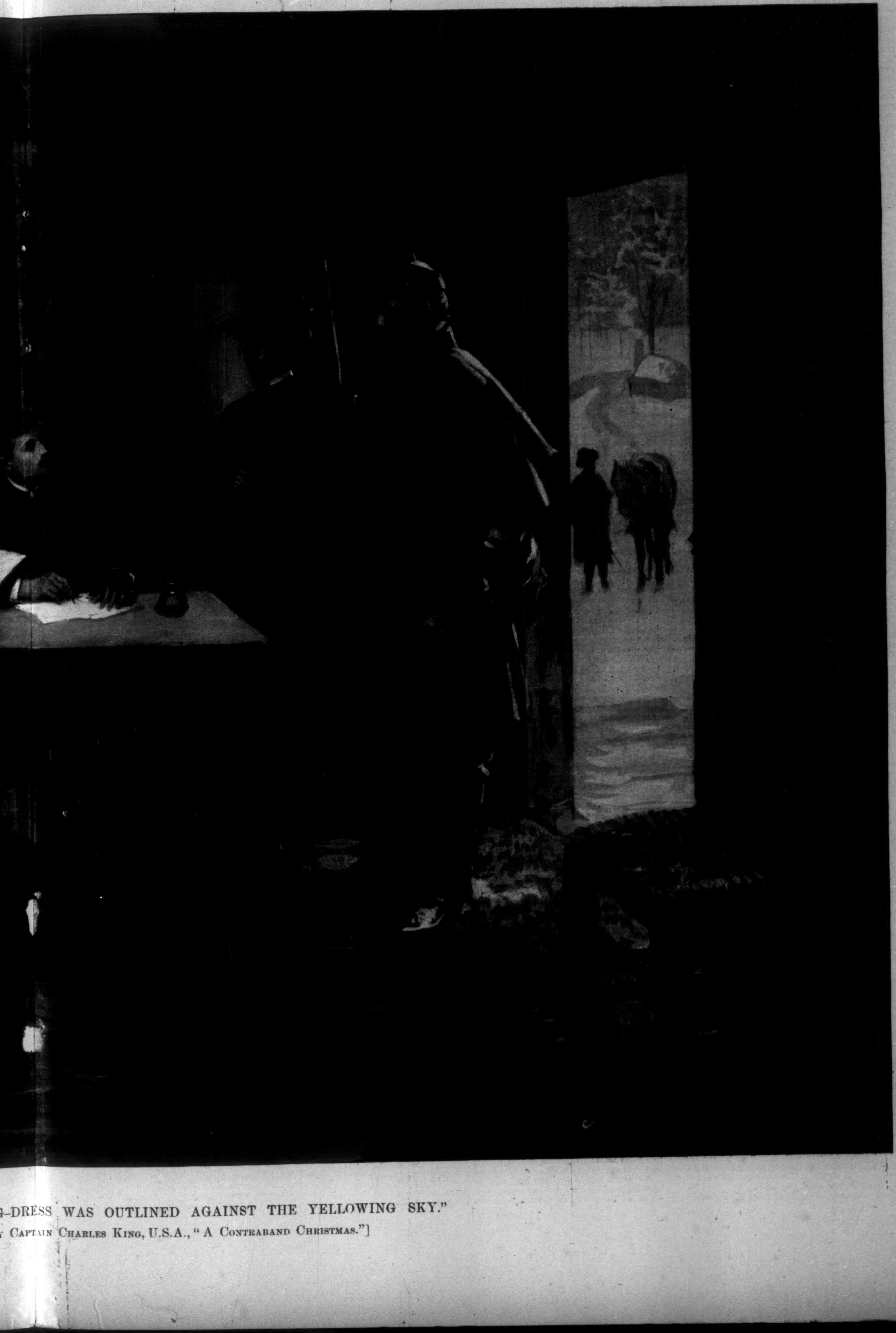
"I have ridden twenty miles," she murmured. "I am only—tired," but even as she protested, swooned away.

Half an hour later, restored, revived, the young girl had told her story, and with the colonel by her side, a surgeon and two orderlies following, rode swiftly away southwestward, leaving Major Stuyvesant a most unhappy man. Him she had declined to recognize or notice in any way other than to intimate that what she had to say was for Colonel Bullitt's ears alone, and sorrowfully, but proudly, the young officer had withdrawn. Marmion, too, the fire and the apple toddy for the time forgotten, had slipped into the adjoining room. Some strange sense of shame had overcome the old fellow. It seemed as though he dared not meet the eyes of his young mistress, as though he felt that he had deserted "ole marse" and his



"A TALL, SLENDER, GRACEFUL FORM IN RIDING-DRE

DRAWN BY CHARLES S. REINHART.—[SEE STORY BY CAPT



G-DRESS WAS OUTLINED AGAINST THE YELLOWING SKY."
Y CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A., "A CONTRABAND CHRISTMAS."]

people when in their fallen fortunes they stood most in need of him.

Often overcome by her tears, Miss Pendleton had striven to explain to her father's old friend the almost desperate straits to which they were reduced. Finding it impossible to get the mere necessaries of life at Front Royal, they had left the old home and had taken refuge under the roof of a kinsman of her mother's farther up the valley of the North Fork. Here they got the sad news that the old home had been burned by some straggling band, and her father seemed crushed by the weight of the blow. Still they might have struggled on, but, early in October, they were appalled by the sudden appearance of a troop of Union cavalry, whose commanding officer briefly told them that every house in that part of the valley was ordered destroyed forthwith, and gave them barely time to gather together a trunkful of clothing and make their escape. Her father learned that General ——, of the Sixth Corps, was at that moment marching down the distant pike, and being too feeble himself to go, and all their own men being with the army, the housekeeper had borne his message, urging the general to interpose in their behalf, but the general had passed through the village some distance ahead. She had spoken to — to one of the staff whom she found, but to no purpose. The officer had even rudely repelled her. Then they had found shelter under the roof of another friend, poor as themselves, and here her father had drooped and pined, mainly from lack of proper food and comfort. Dick, her brother, was a prisoner of war. They were indeed desolate.

The colonel was a man impulsive in action as he was explosive in speech. An ambulance, loaded with rations, rattled away after the party as they wound out of sight up the back road, and Christmas eve came on long hours before he returned, to find most of his companions sound asleep, but Stuyvesant still keeping his weary vigil.

"What do you think, Stuyvesant, my boy?" was the colonel's salutation, as he stiffly dismounted and turned his steaming horse over to the care of the nearest orderly. "That poor child and her father have been made to believe that you were directing the firing of those houses over by Dayton last October; but I've straightened that out. By Jove, sir, the old major was almost starving! I had nothing to offer but pork, hardtack, and beans. If they only had a little money they might get along, for game and provisions can be bought, I hear. But he wouldn't let me lend him a dollar — not a dollar, sir. We'll try him again to-morrow, Stuyvesant. You and I'll ride over and take him a Christmas dinner—all we can beg, borrow, or steal from the general's mess. Remember that we're to dine at brigade headquarters at one."

The young officer's heart bounded with delight. There was joy in the thought that he could see her again. Old Marmion had stood silently near at hand, listening to every word. Silently he busied himself about making down the blankets for their soldier beds upon the floor; silently he vanished from the room and took himself out to the rude stables, where by the dim light of his field lantern he looked to the fastenings of the horses; then, lantern in hand, stole back into the kitchen of the old house, sat him down upon a rude bench by the fire, and leaned a grizzled old head upon his hand. He was still there when at midnight an officer of the guard tiptoed in to get some coffee; and he seemed startled by the sudden stealthy entrance, thrust away a packet that looked, said the officer afterwards, like greenbacks, underneath his worn flannel shirt, and made great show of bustling about to help the lieutenant to something to eat and drink.

Then came the dawn of Christmas day, chill, misty, and wonderfully still, until, just as the wooded, snow-patched heights to the west began to light up with a tinge of purple and crimson, far out to the front was heard, sharp and clear despite the distance, the crack of a cavalry carbine, followed almost instantly by another. Then half a dozen quick, sputtering shots. Then the rattle and crash of scores. Somewhere out in the fields, where the watch-fires still glowed among the stacked arms and recumbent figures, a bugler rolled out of his blankets at the harsh summons of a wakeful adjutant. "To arms!" blared upon the frosty air. "To horse!" echoed the softer trumpet of the cavalry. Then, all in a rush and scurry of startled men and snorting chargers, the several commands of the scouting force leaped into line. Troop after troop the horsemen mounted and rode swiftly out to the front. The distant volleying grew louder and nearer, punctuated every now and then by the angry bang of light field-gun, and accompanied by a crescendo chorus of exultant yells, and Colonel Bullitt clapped spurs to his horse and said: "My God, it's Rosser saying 'Merry Christmas'! We've got to fight like the devil for our dinners this day."

And fight indeed they had to—ten long hours—charge and counter-charge across the frozen fields; and when at last the active foe drew off, convinced that the Yanks were in sufficient force to hold their own, and, hungry, thirsty, and tired, old Bullitt and his comrades harked back to their temporary home and shouted for Marmion and the cook, both Marmion and the cook were gone.

Not until he had posted strong pickets again well out on front and flank could their savage old general, the brigade commander, be induced to think of the guests he had bidden to dinner that day. It was almost sunset when he dismounted and declared himself ready for the feast. And then came a revelation. The turkeys and mince pies, the champagne and cigars, sent out from Washington and carefully hoarded and borne along in an ambulance until this festal day—all had disappeared, even to the ambulance, harness, and mules. All the wretched darky in charge could tell was that Marmion, Colonel Bullitt's man, had come galloping over on one of Major Stuyvesant's horses after the fight began, to say that the Johnnies were getting around both flanks, and to light out with everything there was to save before they swooped in and got it all. He'd loaded blankets, bedding, and all sorts of contraptions into the ambulance, told the darky driver to follow him, and had gone sputtering off to the back road.

The general looked black as thunder. "Then, by the Eternal, our Christmas dinner's ten miles down the valley by this time," said he.

"Then, by the Eternal, it's nearer twenty miles up," was Colonel Bullitt's muttered reply, as a sudden light dawned on that matter-of-fact warrior. "General," he said, briskly, "come over to our shanty and have some apple-jack. That dinner has gone to aid and comfort the enemy." Then, with startling disloyalty, he added, below his breath, "And I'm damned glad of it."

Away up the westward range that crisp wintry evening, away from the soldier-swarming valley and the crowded pike, the candles were burning brightly in an old-fashioned Virginia dining-room. For hours that morning the excited inmates had listened to the sound of battling far to the northeast, and late in the day had seen dark masses of cavalry slowly drifting southward across the lowlands. The reb surprise had come and gone; a bigger surprise had come to the old homestead, and was still there—Marmion with an ambulance full of valuables and the general's Christmas dinner. It was a sight worth seeing to watch the old servitor waiting on table, equipped with a pair of white cotton gloves, borrowed, "unbeknownst to him," from the sergeant of the guard that morning, his worn face beaming with benevolence and joy, filling ole marse's glass with foaming Clicquot, and mendaciously insisting it came with the colonel's compliments. Propped in an easy-chair, wondering, more than half doubting, yet unable to disprove, Major Pendleton had reluctantly, at first, accepted the dainties so eagerly pressed upon him by this returned and most prodigal Ethiop, who brought with him the fatted calf and poured the wine of joy. To Marmion's entreaties were added Nina's and those of their host and hostess—else how could they, too, profit and partake? Once fairly started, the major's hesitancy vanished, and for the first time in long weary months there were sounds of merriment by night; for even though their beloved boy colonel was a prisoner of war, was he not safe from sabre, shot, and shell? safe, well fed, and warm, which was more than could be said of Rosser's retiring squadrons? Indeed, cheery voices and jovial laughter rang through the old home when, four hours after sundown, a little squad of officers and men clattered in at the gateway, and two tall forms in Union blue appeared at the door. Through wreaths of fragrant Havana smoke the major glanced up at his visitors, and waved hospitable welcome. A fair girl, with beaming face, rose up at his side and smiled joyously at the foremost comer, while her bright eyes looked eagerly beyond in search of the other.

"How good of you, gentlemen!" exclaimed Pendleton. "I could never have enjoyed the fruits of your generosity had you not come to drink a Christmas toast with me. Chairs, Marmion, you rascal! Have your three years' campaigning made you forget your bringing up, sir?"

But Marmion had vanished.

"Never mind him, major," laughed old Bullitt, heartily. "He's gone for more champagne. Let me present your young Dick's classmate, Major Stuyvesant, the gentleman who did not set fire to the valley." And as the engineer glanced from father to daughter he smiled knowingly at sight of the glow in her soft cheek. "Though *there's* a fire he did start, lucky dog!" thought he to himself. The aide-de-camp came forward, bowing low to the old soldier in the easy-chair, then turned with kindling eyes to the girl who stood, trembling a bit, despite every effort, at her aged father's side.

"The last time I wished you a merry Christmas was—do you remember?—at the Seniors' german, four years ago last night." He was smiling blithely as he spoke, looking down into the loveliness of her flushing face.

"How—*everything* seems to have changed since then," she answered, nervously.

"Not everything," he hastened to say, despite her evident attempt to draw away—to check him. With quick glance of appeal, with sudden pressure of her finger-tips to her lips, she turned to listen to her father, who was holding out a packet in a tremulous hand.

"It was most kind, most thoughtful of you, Bullitt, but indeed I could not accept it, even as a loan. Why, bless your benevolent soul, you don't suppose I could use greenbacks in this out-and-out reb neighborhood, do you?"

Bullitt's face was a study. What else had Marmion transferred to the enemy besides the general's champagne and cigars. A sudden thought struck him. Stepping quickly to the doorway leading to the kitchen, he swooped upon a cowering culprit before he could flee for safety.

"You contumacious old contraband, come out of this!" he cried, lifting him into the zone of candle-light by the lobe of his ear. So you've been parading me as a banker, have you? Where'd you steal that money, you black rascal? Not from me, for I haven't had that much in twenty years. Whose was it, sir?"

"'Fo' God, Marse Colonel, I didn't steal it, suh. It was all mine, suh. Marse Stuyvesant knows. My boy's with his wife now, an' I don't have to take care of her any mo', an'—an'"—here the old fellow faltered; his eyeballs rolled in his head—"I didn't need it, suh, an' ole marse was sick an' ailin'. He done giv' me many a Christmas gif' yeah afteh yeah. It was only payin' back, suh. But I knowed he wouldn't take it. Dat's why I tole him it was you that sent it."

There was dead silence a moment. Then Bullitt spoke again.

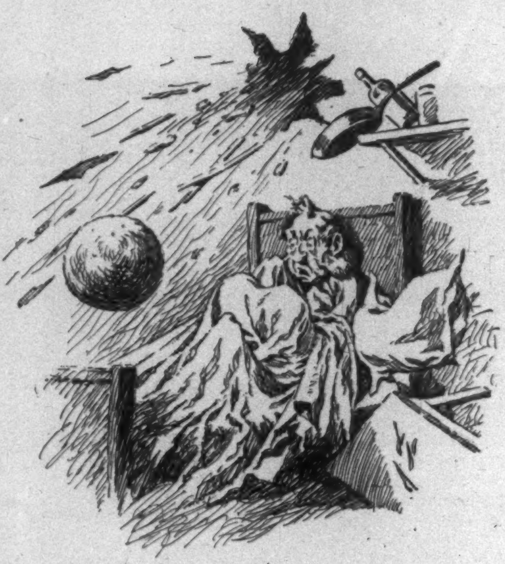
"Well, of all the monumental liars *I* ever knew, Marmion, you are just about the—best."

AFIELD WITH FACT.

MR. STARK'S CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.

Once more we have the courts to thank for bringing out facts which might otherwise have been lost to History. And the incident becomes public at this moment with peculiar felicity, not only because it has more or less to do with Christmas, but because it will tend to promote international comity and good feeling at this holiday-time by showing the solidity, durability, permanency, and sterling worth, even under a foreign flag, of British Institutions.

It appears, then, according to a local newspaper, that there resides at Black Lake, Wisconsin, an Englishman described as a "somewhat eccentric character," named William Stark. By trade he is a watchmaker, and by social classification a bachelor of a number of years' standing. Mr. Stark has his shop in the front of a small frame structure, and his living apartments in the rear, where it has not only been his habit to sleep, but also to prepare his own meals as well, since he has always held, with pleasing candor, that he cannot endure the "blooming hamerican cooking." He has not so much objected to the taste of our culinary efforts as to their lack of digestibility and of general healthfulness. "You think the blessed stuff is fit to heat while yer heating it," he has been wont to observe, "but afterwards you find it wasn't fit for a 'og."



THE PLUM PUDDING TORE THROUGH THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

Mr. Stark has never been backward in proclaiming the excellence of his own cooking, and of course the crowning effort of the year has always been his Christmas plum pudding. In the concoction of this he has always assured people that he has followed the best English traditions. He has certainly always held fast to one important part of the prescription or receipt, namely, that of assembling together for his plum pudding about every known substance in the world which by any stretch of the imagination could be got into a pudding, except, of course, plums. He has also always been liberal with his boiling. The result has been a pudding which he has assured people has been the most appetizing and digestible piece of food this side of Land's End, though there is no record of anybody except himself ever having tasted one of his puddings.

But notwithstanding Mr. Stark's abilities as a cook, he has not been a popular man in Black Lake. This may have partly come from certain peculiarities of his in the treatment of watches left in his hands for repairs. Though he has seemed to mean well, and has labored earnestly, he has seldom succeeded in getting all of the wheels back into a watch which he has taken out. The end of every year has found him with some two quarts of assorted watch wheels on his hands, for which he has been utterly unable to find a place. He has often, too, so it is alleged, got his watches mixed up with his cooking, and the temper has frequently been taken out of the mainsprings and other parts as a result of their being baked in a muffin or a veal pie. It has also been the general belief that watch wheels have been one of the elements of his plum puddings. This, together with his lack of suavity and diplomacy when complaint has been made about missing parts of watches, has, we are sorry to say, made him very unpopular at Black Lake.

It happened last Christmas that Mr. Stark prepared his plum pudding as usual. He assured several who dropped in to look at it, as he thumped it lovingly with his knuckles, that it was the choicest thing in the line which he had ever produced, and that he had specially imported many of the ingredients from England. Press of business has always compelled Mr. Stark to prepare his pudding the day before Christmas; and it has been his custom to leave it in the kitchen on a shelf near the window overnight. This suggested the somewhat disreputable plan to several young men of the village of stealing the pudding, in revenge for damages to watches. The theft was readily effected, and then arose the question of what should be done with the pudding. Various plans were suggested, and it was finally agreed to load it into the village cannon, an ancient and large-bore piece of ordnance used in some remote war. This was accordingly done, and the next question with the graceless marauders was where the cannon should be aimed. It at last occurred to the active mind of one of the young men to point it directly at the side of Mr. Stark's house, the pleasing idea being that the unfortunate pudding would spatter about on the clapboards and produce a somewhat novel stucco effect, and at the same time greatly exasperate the owner. The cannon, heavily charged with powder, was accordingly pointed at the building, and the match applied. There was a deafening report and a formidable flash of fire, and the plum pudding tore through the side of the house, leaving a jagged hole over a foot in diameter. Mr. Stark uttered a loud shout, and sprang to this opening, and began firing rapidly with a revolver at the fleeing young men. They all escaped, but the day after Christmas Mr. Stark went into court and sued them for the value of the pudding and the damages to the building. The case dragged along, and has only just been decided. Mr. Stark is awarded $100 for the injuries to his house, but recovers nothing for the pudding, since it is proved that it was not damaged in the least.

Thus another link is forged binding together the Anglo-Saxon race.

H. C.

WHEN THE TURKEY'S ON THE TABLE.

When the turkey's on the table
  And the mince pie's on the way,
An' my plate is filled with fixens
  Thet belong to Christmas day,
I fergit I'm over eighty,
  An' about my rheumatiz,
An' it seems to me that livin'
  Is the best thing that they is.

Every year the time gets shorter
  'Twixt the promised land and me,
An' perhaps the oyster stuffin'
  Ain't jest what it used to be.
But I've made my peace with heaven,
  An' I 'ain't a word to say
When the turkey's on the table
  An' the mince pie's on the way.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

BECAUSE A LITTLE CHILD WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM.

ALMOST nineteen hundred years ago a little child was born in Bethlehem, and on his birthday, or the day celebrated in honor of his birth (for the exact date of the Nativity is unknown), all Christendom still keeps holiday. I had almost written "high holiday," but that were to write too much when one contrasts Christmas as it is in England with Christmas as it used to be in England—as it was even a hundred years ago, and, still more, as it was in the days of Tudor pomp and Elizabethan ceremonial—the days of baronial pageant, and the earlier days of almost barbaric splendor.

The old English customs are so rapidly and so entirely dying out that we must rub up our knowledge of them vigorously up, and rub it up at once, unless we are content to resign to the antiquary all ken of the good old Yuletide, and to let the records of how that merry festival was kept of yore mould away, coffined in the covers of rarely opened books. And the Christmas observances of our English ancestors are delightful in themselves, and full of quaint and interesting suggestions—suggestions of frank humanity, broad fellowship, and unstinted good cheer.

The old English Christmas is indeed dead. And it has left behind it a most unworthy progeny; yet, even so, a modern English Christmas differs in many ways from Christmas in the United States. It was quite two hundred years after the birth of Jesus before we began to keep Christmas day.

Most of our Christmas customs have been directly taken from the old Roman Saturnalia. Even the Romans, perhaps the most imaginative and the brainiest people in Europe, were obliged, or wise enough, to learn from the Orient how most picturesquely to celebrate the great festival that they laid at the feet of Time. Five and a half centuries before the birth of Christ the Persians kept their holidays very much as we try to keep ours. They had holly in Persia; they have holly there still.

From Egypt, from Persia, from Greece, and from Norseland, Rome graciously accepted customs, and incorporated them into her keeping of Christmas.

When the Romans conquered, or thought they conquered, Britain, they had taste and touch enough to weave with their own laurel leaves the mistletoe of the Druids.

Christmas has become a day. It used to be a season. Our English ancestors observed the holiday for twelve days and twelve nights. Christmas has ceased to be a time of pomp. The celebration of Christmas has ceased to be a public and has become a private, or rather a domestic, function. Since the downfall of Charles I., Christmas has never been in England the period of pageant, mirth, and masque that it was. One by one the old English customs are dropping away, until we may almost fear that soon Christmas may cease to be a merry old English festival, and become a mere fashionable function, an excuse for extravagance—extravagance as far removed from real charity as is purse from heart—or, at best, a day of feasting and frolic for the children of the rich. Possibly Christmas has become so much more exclusively a children's festival than it was because men are less childlike than they used to be. In one respect, at least, we keep Christmas more wisely than our forefathers did. The use of artificial holly has become very general. Nothing is much uglier than artificial holly; but thousands of little birds depend upon the real holly for their winter food, and we would better fill and overfill our houses with the hideous manufactured stuff than rob the birds of their Christmas dinner.

During the winter months the old Romans and the old Teutons hung evergreens in their houses as nooks of shelter for the wood-nymphs and sylvan spirits, and our use of holly at Christmas is a survival of this old custom. The good folk in the county of Rutland, in England, never bring holly into a house before Christmas eve, believing that to do so would insure them a year's yield of bad luck. And the country people in Derbyshire firmly believe that the roughness or the smoothness of the holly that comes into a house at Christmas determines whether the husband or the wife will be the master for the ensuing year.

The Druids used to cut the mistletoe from off their sacred oaks with elaborate ceremony. A golden knife was used to sever the parasite from the tree. During the ceremony two white bulls were sacrificed, and music and processional formed part of the rite. All this is of the dead and almost forgotten past. The groves of Mona, once the favorite retreat of the British Druids, were cut down by the all-conquering Romans, and the fame of those groves has almost passed from popular tradition; the story of their leafy loveliness is known only to the antiquary. But the mistletoe, which the old Druids called "All-Healing," is still an object of our national veneration, and Christmas in England would scarcely be Christmas without the mistletoe. Sprays of it are hung in almost every English home, and many an English girl firmly believes that she will not be wedded inside of twelve months unless she has at least one kiss under the mistletoe. In some counties a berry is plucked from the mistletoe for every kiss that is given under it, and when there are no more berries left, no more kisses are allowed.

They have a quaint old Christmas custom at Queen's College, Oxford—that wonderfully interesting place founded by John de Eglesfeld and warmly patronized by Edward III.'s queen, Philippa; "Queen's," where Henry V. passed many happy collegiate days, and possibly ate more than one Christmas dinner. In the refectory they hold high carnival on Christmas day, keeping up an antique custom which was once observed on all great English festivals, but which is now become a matter of history, save at Queen's. I mean the bringing to table, and bringing it in great state, of a boar's head. Aubrey, in a manuscript which is in the Ashmolean Museum, gives this description of the ceremony:

"The boar's head, being boiled or roasted, is laid in a great charger, covered with a garland of bays or laurels. When the first course is served up in the refectory on Christmas day, the manciple brings the said boar's head from the kitchen up to the high table, accompanied by one of the tabarders, who lays his hand on the charger. The tabarder sings the following song, and when he comes to the chorus all the scholars that are in the refectory join together and sing it:

> "The boar's head in hand I bear,
> Bedecked with bays and rosemary,
> And I pray you, masters, merry be,
> Quotqnot estis in couvivio.
> *Chorus.*—Caput Apri defero,
> Reddens laudes Domino.
>
> "The boar's head, as I nnderstand,
> Is the bravest dish in the land,
> Being thus bedecked with a gay garland,
> Let us servire cantico.
> Caput Apri, etc.
>
> "Our steward has provided this,
> In honor of the king of bliss,
> Which on this day to be served is,
> In Regimensi Altrio.
> Caput Apri, etc."

In the old days the manciples, the general purveyors of colleges, were of so much importance that, to curb their vaulting ambition, a statute was passed expressly forbidding any manciple ever to become the principal of a hall. Tabarders were named after a part of the dress they wore hundreds of years ago, a part called the tabardum or tabard. It was a short sleeveless gown, open on both sides, and boasted a huge square collar with wings on the shoulders.

The boar's head was a customary dish here until the middle of the seventh century, and was very apt to be the first dish appearing at the Christmas dinner. But they have a tradition at Oxford that the boar's head owes its invariable presence upon the Christmas board of Queen's refectory to the bravery of a former student of the college, who, when strolling through the forest of Shotover and poring over a volume of Aristotle, was fiercely attacked by a wild-boar. The angry brute rushed open-mouthed upon the undergraduate. But the youth, who had pluck and a mind full of resources, cried "Græcum est," and promptly stuffed the copy of the Athenian sage between the jaws of the savage beast, who was accommodating enough to immediately choke to death. The students at Queen's still sing "Caput apri defero" when they break their Christmas bread, and the curious old custom has survived the changes of centuries, and is not essentially different from what it was when Mary Tudor reigned over Britain, and was, as every English queen has been since the time of Queen Philippa, a patroness of Queen's.

Light and warmth and good cheer have always been important adjuncts of an English Christmas. When artificial light was rare enough and expensive enough to be beyond the reach of the English masses, the Yule-log was introduced into Christmas festivals, even more for light than for warmth. It was cut with great ceremony, bedecked with ribbons and with garlands, and dragged home with vast pomp and circumstance. The Yule-log is still burned in many an English home, but it is no longer felled with ceremony or taken in state to its place of burning.

The English used to call Christmas the "Feast of Lights." In the buttery of St. John's College, at Oxford, may still be seen a marvellous old stone candlestick. On it is a figure of the Holy Lamb. This candlestick used to be placed upon the "high table" each of the twelve nights of the Christmas festival, and in it burned the famous Christmas candle of St. John's, a candle that we may call the first ancestor of the little, highly colored wax things that we wire upon our modern Christmas trees —may call it so, unless we wish to speak very much by the card, and remember the fagots that used to be lit at every English Nöel, or the antique lamps that used to flame within the Grecian temples.

A hundred years ago the English chandlers paid their patrons tribute in the form of huge mould-candles, and the coopers presented their *clientèle* with great logs. These logs were called Yule clogs or blocks, or, more improperly, logs, and were the direct descendants of those Yule-logs which many decades before were, on or before Christmas eve, carried in triumph from the forest to the mansion or the cottage. From a queerly fascinating old book whose pages are devoted to English farm-houses I learn that English servants were in the habit, a hundred years and more ago, of getting a huge gnarled block or tree trunk, which they kept for their own Christmas fire, and while it continued to burn upon the kitchen hearth (and they took care that its size should insure its burning a long while) the retainers of the household were entitled to have ale with all their meals.

What Yule means, and what its derivation is, no one knows; or at least all the verbal doctors disagree over it. We do know, however, that it was the old Druidical term for Christmas, or for the winter solstice. And we know that the Icelanders date the beginning of their year from the Yule day, obliged to do so by law and by antique custom, and that they count a person's years by the Yules of his life, as a Chinaman reckons his age by the New-Years he has seen.

I cannot resist quoting a very vivid and rather rude remark made, over a century ago, by a Scotch clergyman, who, in his pulpit, attacked all Christmas merrymakings and ceremonies. This divine remarked, "Ye will say, sirs, good old Yule day, I tell you good old Fool day; you will say it is a brave Holiday, I tell you it is a brave Belly day."

Unless history is the veriest cheat, we have forgotten nowadays how to eat and how to drink. Some of the old Christmas menus are wonderful to read, and their ingredients must have been truly wonderful to digest. Wassail was once the chief beverage at a British Christmas, and the English housewives were wont to make it, as Lady Macbeth made it, of ale and nutmeg, of toast and sugar, of baked apples, and of roasted crabs. They called it "Lamb's Wool," and they served it in dishes and in bowls, bedecked, begarlanded, and beribboned, as it was probably served to Duncan. "Was-Hail" was once upon a time the commonest of English toasts. It meant, "I'll pledge you," and fell from many a tongue as the speakers quaffed the generous Christmas liquor. This wassail was probably the progenitor of the punch that dear Bob Cratchit brewed, and was, in the old days, an item of every self-respecting British Christmas bill of fare. Plum porridge was quite different from plum pudding. It was soup rather than porridge—a thick, luscious, purple soup, dense with plums and redolent of port. It was served and swallowed very hot. And great were the "pyes" served at Christmas a century ago, and great and important their preparation. The mistress of the mansion usually made the pyes with her own hands, and, as she chopped and weighed and mixed and stirred, she told the awe-struck children that the spices and the fruit represented the gifts of price that the Magi brought to the infant Jesus, that the suet and meat were typical of the "horned cattle" whose stable was the birthplace of Christ; told them, too, that the oval tins in which she baked her pyes typified the manger in which the Babe lay. Beer brewed at home and currant wine had to be decanted, and seed cakes and plum cakes made, and furmety. And many an English housewife believed that no heretic could eat plum porridge or minced pyes and live.

> "Carols and not minced-meat make Christmas pies;
> 'Tis mirth, not dishes, sets a table off;
> Brutes and Phanaticks eat, and never laugh."—

sang a British poet in 1649.

A curious superstition was once very prevalent among the Anglo-Saxon yeomanry. It was that bread, if baked on Christmas eve, would never become mouldy; and I know a quaint old Welsh woman who still firmly believes this.

In his droll old book, *Travels in England*, Misson writes: "Every family against Christmas makes a famous pye which they call Christmas Pye. It is a great nostrum the composition of this pasty, it is a most learned mixture of neats' tongues, chickens, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon and orange peel, and various kinds of Spicery."

And in the Newcastle *Chronicle* of January 6, 1770, I find a long description of a unique Christmas pie: "Monday last was brought from Howick to Berwick, to be shipped to Sir Henry Gray, Bart., a Pie, the contents whereof are as follows: Two bushels of flour, 20 lbs. of butter, 4 geese, 2 turkeys, 2 rabbits, 4 wild-ducks, 2 woodcocks, 6 snipes, and 4 partridges, 2 neats' tongues, 2 curlews, 7 blackbirds, and 2 pigeons. It is supposed a very great curiosity, and was made by Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Howick. It was near nine feet in circumference at bottom, weighed about twelve stone, and will take two men to present it at table. It was neatly fitted with a case and four wheels to facilitate its use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents at table."

In those good old days of jolly festival and great digestions the Yule board of a prosperous Englishman almost creaked beneath its weight of viands. Peacocks and sucking pigs, turkeys and capons, varieties of wild game, Cheshire cheese, geese, foaming black-jacks, and huge tankards of gooseberry wine were all laid upon the table at once, and the Hackin (a great sausage which Christmas etiquette decreed must be well boiled by day-dawn), and last, and wellnigh chief, vast roasts of beef. A century and a half ago Englishmen held fresh beef to be a great dainty in winter; for, until the introduction here of the turnip, only the rich could afford to give their cattle such food as kept them in fit condition for table purposes. Perhaps for this—its rarity in winter, when men most crave meat—fresh beef was so prized an item of the Christmas feast, and became (what it has never ceased to be) the high favorite dish of all true Englishmen.

A score or more of peculiar old English Christmas customs call out to be chronicled. His Majesty the Lord of Misrule deserves more than passing mention; so do the old Mummers; the high capers which the Benchers held within the Inns of Court, most especially those that were planned and executed for the diversion of the English Virgin Queen. There are at least fifty old English carols worth quoting, either for their beauty, their humor, or their absurdity. The old Christmas pantomimes and the Yule-tide plays performed at Oxford and Cambridge are fascinatingly recorded in many an old tome, and have a particular interest for all who love the English drama.

The hobby-horse dance, as absurd and as eccentric a performance as was ever introduced into any civilized festival, ought to be dwelt upon at length and with appreciation. A dozen old Christmas games would give us big amusement if we might pause to consider them. And the Yule-dough, the old Christmas gifts, the bounties, and the initiation of the custom of giving Christmas boxes, and the old almanacs (of which our Shakespearian calendars and our Christmas cards are the *fin de siècle* developments), one and all merit more than scant notice and undeliberate consideration; but it would be impossible to squeeze them ever so snugly within the limits of a modest article.

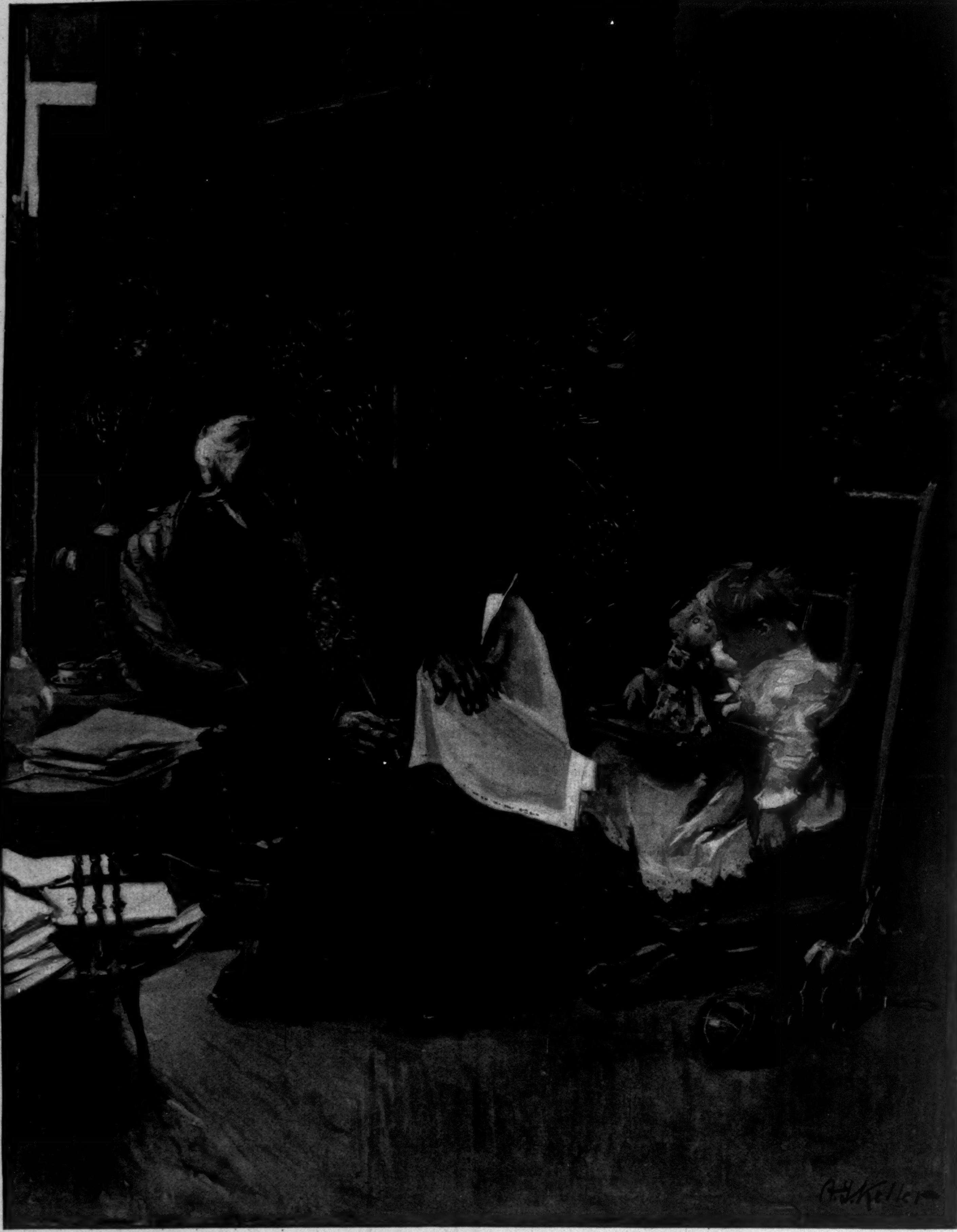
The King or Lord of Misrule was a most potent sovereign while his reign lasted. It lasted through the Yule holidays. He devised and controlled the maddest, merriest frolics England ever saw. Like the fool, or jester, he died in almost mediæval times, and the end of the nineteenth century knows him not.

Christmas is a far simpler function than it was, but it is still a time to cling to and to cherish, for we—we of Europe and America—have no other festival whose history is so interknit with the history of the human heart. Even those who do not love Christmas for what it is must love it for what it does. It is a human festival of good-fellowship, not of solitary enjoyment or selfish indulgence. It is, or ought to be, a festival of the people, or rather a festival for the people. It is a time that can but appeal to every heart that is warm.

> Christians and Jews and Pagans are we,
> But all are Christians in our love of Thee,
> Manger-born Babe.

And Christmas is Christmas, by whomever, wherever, however it is observed. Its expression, its form, are determined greatly by local color and race characteristics—just as the species of one genus of tree or plant is determined greatly by climate and soil. There are many more than a hundred species of holly. The one holly that we have in England is very different from most of the American hollies, is vastly unlike the hollies of Asia, and could not reasonably be expected to recognize as its own kin the wonderful holly of Japan. But the holly is holly for all that, wherever, however it grows—however the developments of the genus differ—and so is Christmas Christmas, whether it is kept in Warsaw or in Vladivostock, Shamien or in Chester, in Oporto or in Baltimore. We have adopted many of the customs of the Oriental sun-worshippers; we have adapted to our own use many of the ways of the worshippers of Thor. We have taken customs from every part of the earth, and incorporated them with local customs of our own, but we have done it, do it, in honor of the manger-born Babe, not as tribute to Titæa or Baal or Siva. We have taken some picturesque custom, some blossom of observance, from every time and every nation, and have woven a wreath of Christmas roses to lay at a baby's feet—and all this because a little Child was born in Bethlehem.

LOUISE JORDAN MILN.



TOO MUCH CHRISTMAS.—Drawn by A. I. Keller.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Mid-December finds the winter's course of concerts of many sorts and kinds in oppressive movement. The opera season is in its fifth week. There has been a placid current of decent commonplace, rather than the sparkle of novelty or brilliancy. The Symphony Society, at its second set of concerts, took up those three very familiar, too familiar, instrumental passages from the *Romeo and Juliet* Symphony—"the Ball Scene," "Romeo Alone," and the "Queen Mab Scherzo." Mr. Halir played with exquisite elegance and sentiment the slow movement from Spohr's Eighth Violin Concerto—almost the only thing of Spohr's played nowadays in this part of the musical world. Mr. Damrosch ended his Popular Concerts in Carnegie Hall. Through the Oratorio Society, the dramatic and lyric splendors of Manzoni Requiem Mass of Verdi were given a commendable presentation—a beautiful one when the work of at least two members of the solo quartet is recalled. As to the Opera-house, we have had *Lohengrin* twice in German with a star cast, including in it Madame Eames as Elsa, singing the rôle in German for the first time—singing it with an appreciable warmth of voice, interpreting it as a dramatic study with a feeling that she expresses in no other Wagnerian part. We have also been given *Don Giovanni* indifferent well—not better—and several performances of *Aïda*, which is an unusually pertinacious opera this winter; and the bills have announced stock extracts from repertory. At this writing, however, Madame Calvé has returned, and *Siegfried* is rehearsing; so comes at least semblance of variety.

Not many people seem quite clear as to just what Madame Nordica's unlucky difference with the Metropolitan Opera-house management, nor precisely what may be the right and the wrong of it; nor, indeed, of much in the matter except that we are not likely to hear Madame Nordica this winter, and that her place is totally unfilled. Passing a photograph-shop the other evening, with its unassorted and labelled show, somebody pointed to a picture of Lincoln. "Our martyred President," said he. "And our martyred prima donna!" quoth his companion, looking at Madame Nordica's comely countenance, next in the row. Now is Madame Nordica really our martyred prima donna or not? There is a distinct impression of that nature in the air. Prime donne have a way of giving themselves up to feeling martyred, to be sure, and the stakes and blocks are not always to be discovered when a gingerly and expert search is made. But aside from the time-honored privilege of making light of operatic griefs and grievances, almost as if they were part of the librettos, it would seem that Madame Nordica has a ground of complaint, and for feeling that she has been thrown out of a winter's operatic engagement by an unhealthful status of affairs. She wished secured to her exclusively certain rôles that she has filled with the highest credit, one of them a rôle in which at the Yellow House no other substitute is at present to be thought of as even fairly acceptable. Such a reserve of a part is usual. It is a matter constantly respected at the Metropolitan. Madame Nordica, it seems, could not obtain this privilege. It is stated that the more she tried, the less likely she found it that she could get it. Therewith she announced that what may be called the family, or unfriendly, faction associated in the Opera-house with and around Mr. Jean de Reszké was the chief opposition to her wish, rather than the acting management. She holds that there entered into the mystery an inside intention—in plain words—to get rid of her as an inconvenient rival with the public and as a costly rival in the treasury of the Metropolitan. She found herself an expense to be diverted into home channels, and a magnet attracting much more applause than was thought pleasant to be bestowed on anybody but—somebody else. These and other reasons are set forth. That she has sympathy was almost amusingly—yet not ungracefully—expressed the other evening at the end of the Oratorio Society's event. It soon was plain that the applause meant a pointed and irresistible tribute of personal kindness to Madame Nordica. Over and over again the audience hurrahed and clapped. People stood on the seats and waved hats and handkerchiefs and called "Nordica! Nordica!" And over and over again (with capital good taste) Madame Nordica declined to take part in the demonstration as to herself alone. Out she came, yet always dragging a fellow-singer or Mr. Damrosch with her. But at last she yielded. She returned alone, radiant with pleasure, bowed her best and cordialest, and came not again. It was a pretty episode.

Incidents that are of music, if not strictly in it, are always pleasing to the public. Another one that was entertaining and more legitimate than the foregoing came with Mr. Damrosch's winding up of his Popular Concerts mentioned above. The Farewell Symphony of Haydn was on the programme. Naturally it was put last on it. Probably not everybody in the audience knew the so to say spectacular reason, and in listening to the charming old work recalled the bit of sentimental history hanging about it. But soon they were guessing as the evening ended. One by one the score dropped out musician after musician of Mr. Damrosch's orchestra. One by one each player no longer called for blew out the candle on his music desk. Softly each *confrère* put together his part—and slipped away from the stage. Darker and darker grew the hall's twinkling proscenium, thinner and thinner grew the music. Down come the score and band to a couple of fiddlers, to silence, to the conductor alone before his still audience. He bows and goes away. The music is over. There has been more pathos, even in the mimicry, than fun. It was rather more pathetic, however, when Haydn led his small band through the symphony in 1780, having written it as a musical appeal to his amiable employer, Count Esterházy, to make more of his other residences and so give his orchestra more opportunity to visit their absent wives and families. "If all are going away from here," said the Prince to his suite, in good-humored admission of so charming a hint, "why, we may as well give up and go too." Music hath charms, and no Esterházy has a savage breast. A more serious color is often given the incident, and the plea made to refer to a more important change in Count Esterházy's household affairs; but that version is incorrect.

Mr. Mapleson's operatic dissolution in Boston is not a matter to laugh at. An opera company's failure anywhere is apt to mean all sorts of undeserved straits and small or great wretchednesses for stranded singers. To be moneyless and a foreigner is not a mirthful fix. In this special instance, too, Colonel Mapleson had a well-balanced, serviceable troupe. It included more than one really interesting, not to say superior, artist. It was unpretentious (*pace* Colonel Mapleson), but a troupe doing capital *ensemble* work, with a fine chorus, quite superior to any that has sung in New York in years and years, with two excellent conductors, and with good scenic appointments. The affair appears as if with a better start, better managing, and at another than an election outset, the Imperial Opera Company might now be thriving, able to sing for its supper. Furthermore, it would seem that if he could have entered upon the Western circuit Mr. Mapleson would have found plenty to do—and considerable to get. The obduracy of the English "capitalists" backing the busy Colonel's scheme has undone him and it; and their conduct really does not bear so much a construction of prudence as of panic. Not yet by any means do we feel safe in bidding Colonel Mapleson a sympathetic adieu. He is the mistletoe of immortality a-twining around the great Italian opera tree. We await with curiosity, with affection almost, his next berries. We are meantime much obliged to him for letting us hear the extremely interesting *Andrea Chenier* of Giordano; and we also are his debtors for making acquaintance with Messrs. de Marchi, Ughetto, Dado, and Madame Parsi, and other Imperialists. It is not out of all whooping that we shall hear anon of a Second Empire for the Imperial.

The performance of *Don Giovanni* last week recalls the fact that Mozart's ineffable work is enjoying a splendid lease of new favor in Paris. It is the hour's revival at the Opéra, with Mr. Renaud superb in the title part, and with as strong an associate-cast as the house affords; and it is sung up at the Opéra Comique with a set of interpreters that includes Mr. Maurel, Mr. Fougère, and Madame Delna and Madame Marcy. The Parisians are faithful to the sane, the spiritual, the reposeful beauty of Gluck and of Mozart, whose music nothing can belittle. It will amuse many Americans familiar with that ruin of voice in the instance of Mr. Maurel—a ruin so unfortunate and remediless a set-off to his skill as an actor—to learn that Mr. Fougère is wicked enough to parody Mr. Maurel to his face in the scene in which Leporello tries to mimic his master's accents in the confab with Donna Elvira. Mr. Maurel is not at all pleased, and protests. Mr. Fougère keeps on with his imitation. The town is hugely diverted. As Mr. Fougère in much is Mr. Maurel's rival before the Paris public, and an admirable barytone and excellent actor, the arrow galls the more. By-the-bye, why cannot we have an "ideal" cast in Mozart's work, which calls, as only Mozart does, for a really ideal caste? Why must *Faust* and *Carmen* and *The Huguenots* be graced so, and not the Dissolute Punito? Would not the town pay to hear, if not Mozart, at least in Mozart such a group as not only Mr. Lassalle (or Mr. Campanari) as Don Giovanni, Mr. Edouard de Reszké as Leporello, but Mr. Jean de Reszké as Ottavio, Madame Calvé as Zerlina, Madame Eames as Donna Anna, Madame Melba as Donna Elvira, Mr. Plançon as the Commander, and a Masetto readily named among several—a Masetto who shall be young, good-looking, and not a mere clown? Does not Mozart deserve the best? Would not those who care nothing for the best, or worst, pay for such a performance on the mere strength of the bill? E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

A CASUAL REMARK.

BY A DEJECTED THINKER.

OH, what's the use of thinking thoughts?
  Oh, what's the use, I say,
When people won't be bothered
  With an idea in this day?

When all they ask is writing,
  Gorgeous phrases, and all that—
Why rack your brains with thinking thoughts
  To waste upon your hat?

Go in and write your poem:
  Let it reek with mysteries;
Just string your lines together,
  And you're pretty sure to please.

Put in odd punctuation,
  Sign to it a three-word name,
And, I'll wager my last dollar,
  You'll be flirting soon with fame.

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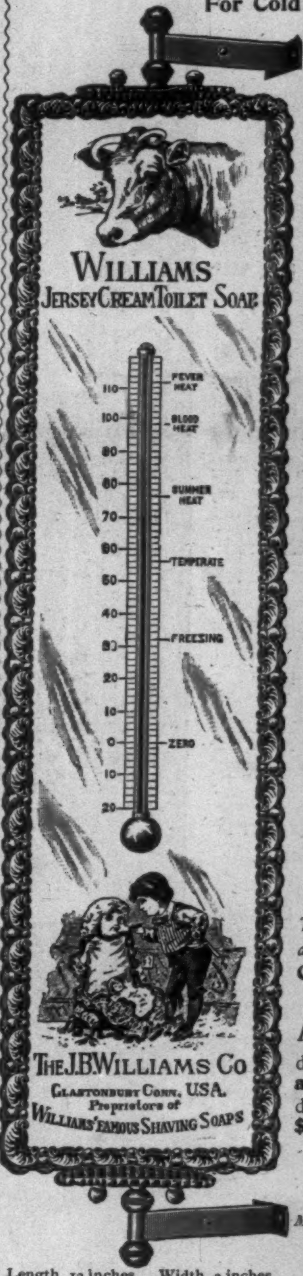

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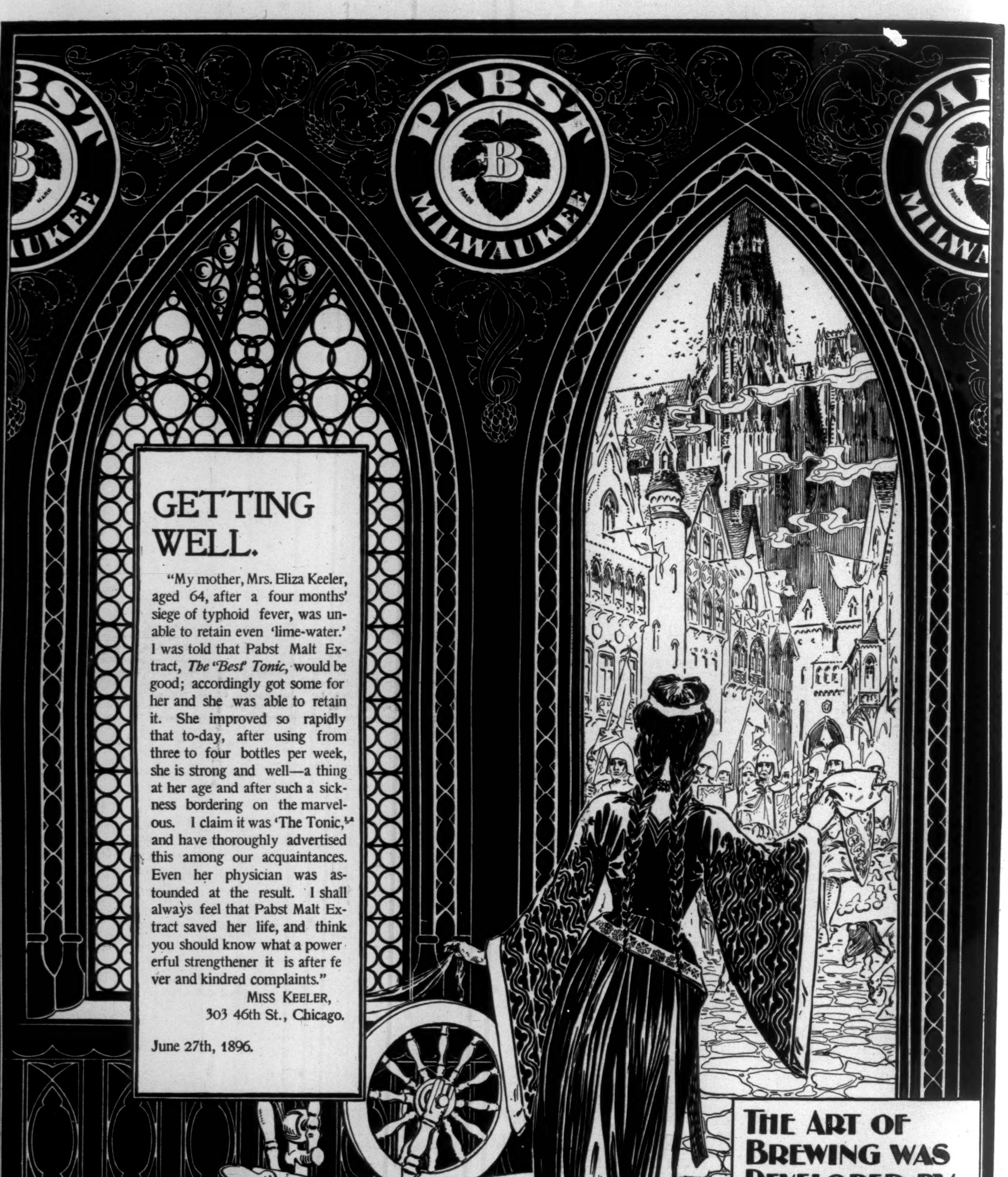
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MISS KEELER,
303 46th St., Chicago.

June 27th, 1896.

THE ATTITUDE OF SPAIN TO THE UNITED STATES.

IF the many causes of the present attitude of Spain towards the United States were properly analyzed, they might be grouped under three distinct heads. Foremost would stand the entirely different opinions that Americans and Spaniards profess concerning the relations that ought to exist between a mother-country and a colony that has begun to show that it would like to live without too tight leading-strings. Next would be arrayed the sentimental and the even more powerful practical considerations that make Spaniards so determined in their efforts to keep their hold upon Cuba and Puerto Rico. Last, but not least, must stand the weighty reasons that Spaniards affect to say they have for being convinced that their West Indian insurrections could never have held out so long but for the moral and material assistance the insurgents got from the United States.

With the exception of a few enlightened men of the middle and upper classes among the Republicans and Liberals, and only of late years even in such quarters, Spaniards of all classes have shut their eyes and ears to the bitter experience of their own colonial history in the past. They are so little disposed to recognize the mistakes that led to the loss of their vast colonial empire in Central and South America that they persist in attributing to foreign aid, foreign examples, and not to misrule, corrupt administration, religious intolerance, exaggerations of nepotism, the wave of insurrection that swept over their colonies in the early part of the century.

Carlos III. of Spain turned a deaf ear to the warnings of diplomacy, and his successors in the nineteenth century profited so little by the lessons conveyed to them in the successive secessions of their American colonies that they continued in Cuba and Puerto Rico, and even more so in their archipelagoes of the far East, their old colonial policy, until fresh warnings in the shape of Cuban and Philippine risings made the governments of the last twenty years give in a little to the aspirations of their colonists. Strange to say, however, the majority of Spaniards, nothing chastened by the lessons of their past, are almost unanimous in telling you that the chief causes of the present rebellion in Cuba are the concessions that have been made by their Liberal governments to the colonial home-rulers, and that the promises of self-government held out by Sagasta and Maura in 1894 played into the hands of the Separatists, and weakened both the authorities and the really loyalist parties in Cuba—*i. e.*, the reactionary creoles, who have opposed home-rule now, as they had combated the abolition of slavery twenty years ago, on the ground that concessions pave the way for separatism in the long-run. In the same way the majority of Spaniards blindly believe that their press is perfectly right in attributing the widespread conspiracy and the formidable insurrection in the Philippine Islands to the slight reforms made in these distant colonies by the Liberal cabinets of the last fifteen years, and even more so to the toleration shown to Masonic lodges, secret societies, Protestants, foreigners, local aspirations for autonomy, and other evil influences that have, they say, weakened the authority of their viceroys, and, above all, the prestige of the constant auxiliaries of the Spanish rule in the far East, as in America of yore—the friars and Jesuits. Spaniards decline, therefore, to listen to the suggestions, not only of Americans, but even of the European nations that have colonial empires, like England especially, that venture to say that a time comes in the life of colonies when their ties with the mother-country can only be kept up on terms consistent with the economical requirements and with the political aspirations of the colonies themselves.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear people say in Europe and in America that the Spaniards have more sentimental pretexts than practical grounds for defending their supremacy in their West Indian islands, but this is not the case at all. Sentimental motives undoubtedly play a prominent part in the attitude of the Spanish people. Like most nations, and individuals even, that have known better days, and that have gone down in the world through their own shortcomings and errors of judgment, they have a morbid susceptibility, and a proud jealousy of all foreign interference, or advice even, in their affairs, but they do not conceal the fact that they have more serious and less sentimental reasons besides for insisting upon maintaining their rule in Cuba and Puerto Rico.

Comparatively few figures are necessary to illustrate the significance that the loss of Cuba and of Puerto Rico, or any great alteration in the present relations of those colonies with the peninsula, would have for Spanish agricultural and manufacturing interests, for Spanish commerce and shipping interests, for Spanish ports and capitalists, for Spanish investors in Cuban railways and enterprises of every kind, and in the loans that have been the consequences of the past and present civil wars in the West Indies. It is not generally known that on the eve of the outbreak in February, 1895, Cuba had been taking every year about $6,000,000 of the products of Spanish agriculture and $16,000,000 of Spanish manufactured goods, and Puerto Rico $1,800,000 of the former and $2,400,000 of the latter. Both islands are made tributaries of Spanish agriculture and industry by the operation of high tariffs that turn the colonies into a privileged market for Spain. Indeed, Spanish manufacturers have no other market worth mentioning abroad outside Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, and it is Catalonia which gets the lion's share in this colonial régime of protection against European and American competition. In return Spain keeps still such high transitory, municipal, and extraordinary duties on the products of her colonies that Puerto Rico only sends her annually about $4,000,000 worth and Cuba about $7,000,000—that is to say, not fifteen per cent. of the exports of either colony; and everybody knows that very nearly eighty per cent. of the sugar crops alone of Cuba and more than half the tobacco crop go to the United States. Discriminating tariff and flag duties in the Antilles have contributed to the prosperity of Barcelona, Santander, Corunna, Cadiz, Malaga, Valencia, and many minor ports of the mother-country in quite as great a proportion as trade with Europe. Spanish capitalists and bankers, most of the great banks of Madrid and Barcelona, were known to derive not a little of their prosperity from their Cuban business and money invested in the colony itself. Spanish capitalists, great and small, hold the greater part of the loans that were issued with the guarantee of the customs and general revenue of the island of Cuba, and with the subsidiary guarantee of the Spanish Imperial Treasury, from 1886 to 1896. After the great rebellion of 1868–78 Spain gradually consolidated in this way most of the then existing debts of Cuba by an issue of $75,000,000 of six-per-cent. redeemable bonds in 1886. Then in 1890–1 another loan of $35,000,000 of five-per-cent. Cuban redeemable bonds was made in order to consolidate floating debt and depreciated paper currency in the colony. To meet the expenditure of the present civil war in Cuba since March, 1895, the Spanish Parliament has authorized the government to issue $140,000,000 of Cuban five-per-cent. redeemable bonds, equally guaranteed, like the above loans, by the imperial government; and lastly the Parliament has authorized another loan of $80,000,000 in November, 1896, to provide funds only to carry on the war in Cuba until the end of February, 1897. The fate of all these stocks, held chiefly by Spanish investors, entirely depends upon the success of the efforts that the Spanish nation is making to maintain its rule in Cuba and Puerto Rico. The two islands are considered, more so than the Philippines, the best field for all ambitious and enterprising men, who go into business with a view to return in a few years as well-to-do planters, merchants, shopkeepers—the classic type of the self-made "Indianos," as they are styled when they return to the old country. Cuba particularly is also considered the El Dorado of place-hunters, clients of politicians, officials who are willing to run the risk of yellow fever, jaundiced livers, and other drawbacks to reap the fruit of a few years' stay in the tropics.

If these complex elements of the antecedents of the present temper of the Spanish people and of their attitude towards the United States are not borne in mind, it is not easy to form a fair or an accurate estimate of the real state of things. Popular feeling runs very high in the whole nation against the United States, because all Spaniards, starting from the above premises, fancy that their material interests as well as their political interests clash with those of the United States in Cuba and in Puerto Rico. For the same reasons they believe the United States are the natural patrons of the inclinations that the Spanish colonists have long shown for self-government and autonomy in different shapes as stages on the road to their ultimate independence. These prejudices against the United States are of old date in Spain, as they can be traced as far back as the reign of the ex-Queen Isabella II., when public opinion in the peninsula credited the United States with having fomented Separatist agitations, and agitations in favor of annexion to the States, which the Castilian viceroys put down with much severity long before matters culminated in the great Cuban rising of 1868–79. It is within the recollection of everybody how bitter Spaniards were against the United States during their ten years' struggle with the Cubans, and especially on the occasion of the *Virginius* filibuster expedition, that General Burriel treated in so high-handed a manner that it required all the tact and prudence of Emilio Castelar and of the United States Executive to avert a serious conflict between the great republic and the Spanish federal republic of 1873. The close of the great rebellion, and seventeen years of peace and relative prosperity in the relations between the colony and the mother-country, did not check the ever-active suspicions and jealousy of the Spanish people against the United States. Every step onwards in the commercial relations of the Spanish West Indies with the States, every development of American enterprise or capital in Cuba and Puerto Rico, every attempt on the part of the Washington government to improve the trade between the republic and the two islands by treaties, conventions, or agreements, was held to bode no good for the Spanish rule, and was denounced as likely to impair the connection between the colonies and the metropolis, and as a certain indication of America's design to draw Cuba and Puerto Rico into some Zollverein as a preliminary to annexion. The statesmen, the politicians, the great writers, and even the ministers of the crown, did not attempt to conceal that they would far prefer to promote the development of the commercial and financial relations of their West Indies with European nations and Spanish-American republics, than with the United States. The press followed energetically in the wake of the leaders of all political parties; and in a country where the press exercises perhaps more influence than in any other in Europe, public opinion was thus always kept on the alert against the alleged designs of the United States.

The insurrection that begun in Cuba in February, 1895, was hardly calculated to dispel the distrust and animosity rankling in the hearts of Spaniards against the United States, the more so as from the outset they were told by the loyalists in Cuba, by the Spanish colonial authorities, by the press in Spain, that the present rebellion had been prepared by the Cuban refugees in the States, and by the many Cubans who had become naturalized American citizens to be better able to aid and abet the Cuban Separatists with more or less impunity. They were also told that the supplies in arms, ammunition, and money for the rising had been prepared for upwards of two years, and conveyed to the island with the assistance of these auxiliaries in American territory. The bitterness against the United States grew apace with the news of the landing of every fresh batch of Cuban volunteers, with the arrival of every filibustering expedition, with the tidings of the debates and resolutions of the American Chambers, with the telegrams reporting the tone of the American press and the drift of public opinion in the States, with the concessions that the Governor-General in Cuba had to make to the reclamations of the American consuls-generals in favor of naturalized American citizens, caught in acts of treason and rebellion, and still invoking treaties to escape from summary and military jurisdictions, with the inevitable concessions that had to be made also to the demands of American diplomacy in not a few difficult and irritating cases. The press kept before the eyes of all almost daily the heavy list of the Spanish grievances against the United States; and once, when the resolutions of the American Senate and House of Representatives were taken to be about to lead to the recognition of Cuban belligerency, they fanned popular and patriotic feelings to such an extent that the government in Madrid and the authorities in the provinces had to make a great display of force to check demonstrations, that wellnigh assumed very serious proportions during a fortnight in the capital and in Barcelona. Fortunately the press cooled down, and the government, the leaders of all parties, impressed upon the majority of Spaniards that it was expedient and politic to put a restraint on the public demonstrations of the suppressed indignation and bitterness, that still exist and are often visible under an officially quiet surface.

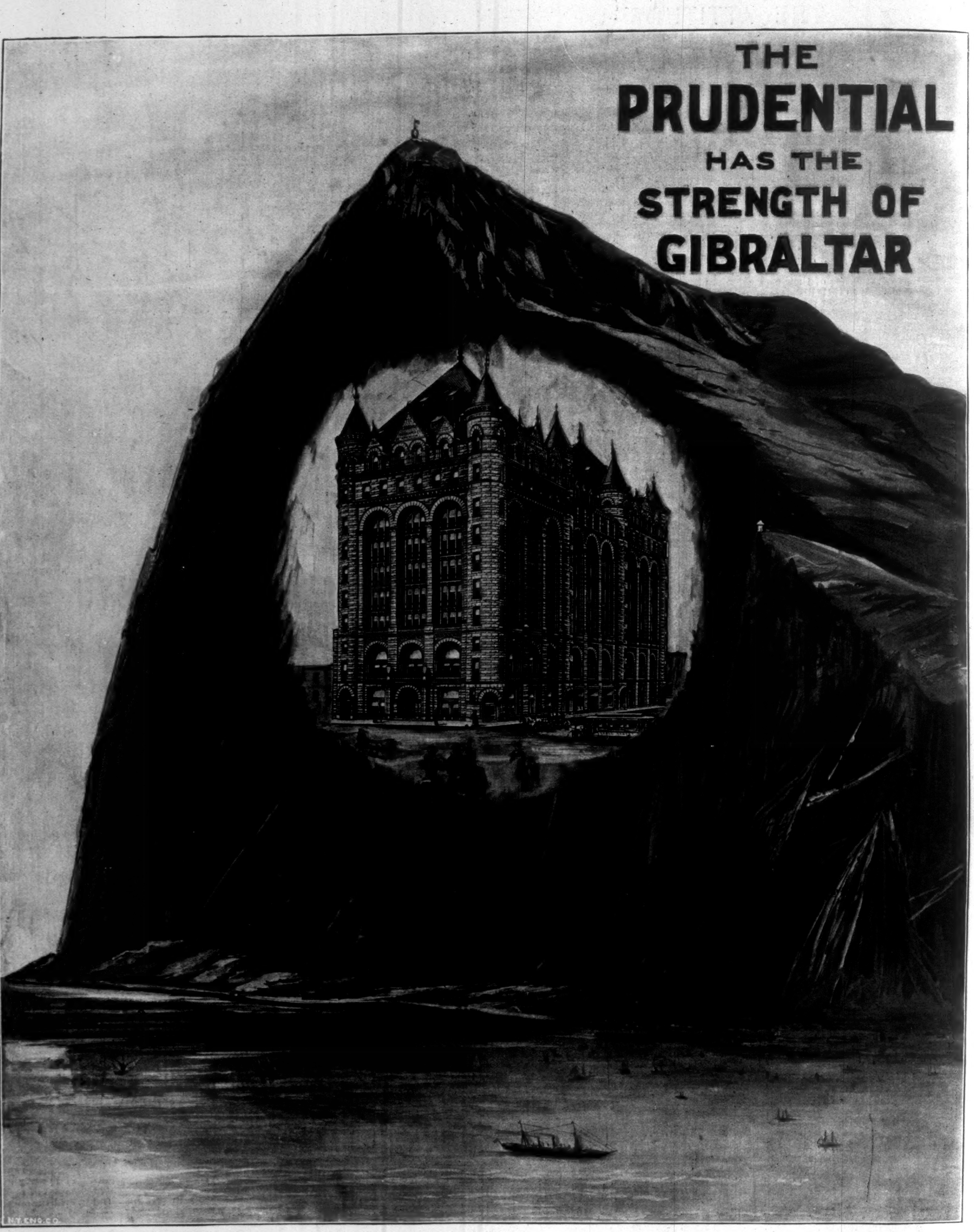
The idea that an American intervention, even under the diplomatic disguise of mediation, is fast becoming inevitable if the struggle in Cuba were to be much prolonged has been gaining ground so rapidly in Spain lately that it has, more than any other consideration, contributed to induce all Spaniards to unite in support of their government. It has hushed for a while all party spirit. It has silenced the most irreconcilable adversaries of the present monarchy and dynasty, the Carlists and their pretender, the republicans of every school, from Socialists and Intransigentes to Centralists and Federals of the Salmeron and Pi Margall type. It has obliged the rivals of the actual cabinet and of the Conservative party, the Liberals and Democrats, to proffer their unconditional support to the government of Canovas. It has created a tacit truce so singular, so unprecedented, that the watchword of all is to postpone criticisms, censure, reckonings, and domestic politics of every kind until Spain has crushed her colonial insurrections in the New World anyhow.

The same idea has made the nation assent, so far without much perceptible protest or reluctance, to the calling out of more than 250,000 conscripts and reserve men in two years, and to the sending out to Cuba alone in twenty-two months of 200,000 young soldiers and 12,500 officers. The nation has faced with the same resignation the drag upon its finances to assist the Cuban treasury. After spending $140,000,000 between February, 1895, and October, 1896, and having failed to get from the French bankers and money market the support the Madrid government expected to obtain in order to float part of a war loan of $200,000,000 guaranteed by the Spanish tobacco monopoly revenue, Spain appealed to her own people for $50,000,000, and native capitalists offered the treasury in forty-eight hours about $120,000,000. The spirit shown by this nation of 17,000,000 inhabitants in their critical circumstances, and despite the poor results attained by their generals, has undoubtedly strengthened the hands of their government in some respects, but it has made its task not agreeable or easy in the domestic politics of Spain in case of failure, and in its relations with the colonies and with the United States.

Things have come to such a pass in Spain now that the government is powerless to control the temper of the nation. It has much trouble in checking the impatience, the growing uneasiness, the widespread discontent, caused by the delays that the very conditions of the guerilla warfare in Cuba put in the way of those prompt and decisive results that public opinion daily demands with increasing ill humor and imperiousness on the ground that every delay, every month that passes, plays into the hands of the insurgents, and affords fresh pretext for the dreaded interference of the United States. It will go very hard with the generals and the government that disappoint the expectations of the nation, and most Spaniards will tell you that the monarchy itself might be imperilled, not only by the loss of the last remnant of their colonial empire in the New World, but by any unpopular concession to the United States or to the colonists themselves, if such concessions to the Cubans, either autonomy or economical and administrative reforms, were known to be due to the mediation, however prudent, or the intervention of America. The nation is in a no-surrender mood, and its rulers have to handle the reins with tact and forbearance, as the colonial parties, Autonomist, Reformist, and Conservative, have joined the peninsular parties in proclaiming that not a word must be uttered about reforms, concessions, compromise with foreigners or rebel subjects, until the insurrection is crushed by force of arms.

The present Prime Minister of the Queen Regent of Spain, Don Antonio Canovas del Castillo, is fully awake to the dangers of the situation. He tries, on the one hand, to make the best of the resources placed at his disposal, and to keep in leash as long as possible the fierce bursts of popular feeling that might place him, his queen, and the monarchy in the dire necessity of having to elect between an interior revolution and a war with the United States on the forlorn hope of arousing European sympathies and platonic pressure of European diplomacy in favor of the Spanish rule in Cuba. On the other hand, with statesmanlike foresight and perseverance, he affects an unflinching confidence in the sincerity of the assurances of friendly dispositions that he has received for twenty months past from President Cleveland, Mr. Olney, Mr. Taylor, and the government and authorities of the United States. He braves gallantly public opinion in Spain by stating again and again that he has no ground yet for supposing that the United States will swerve from the neutral policy preserved by Presidents Grant and Cleveland during the past and present insurrections. He stakes his popularity, the stability of his government, the prestige of his party, on an early success of the military efforts of Spain in Cuba, as he well knows that he has nothing to expect from European diplomacy, European sympathies, and monarchical governments beyond purely platonic wishes of success and unofficial expressions of regret that the courts and cabinets of the Old World cannot afford to quarrel with the United States. He discovered this feature of the situation last summer when his Minister for Foreign Affairs, Duke Tetuan, consulted the ambassadors of great powers on the welcome that a Spanish memorandum on the relations of Spain with Cuba and the United States was likely to meet at the hands of their governments. This memorandum was shelved, not only because it was so coldly received by the representatives of the powers at the summer resort of the Spanish court, San Sebastian, but also owing to the very peremptory representations that were instantly made, on August 12, to the Duke of Tetuan, by the United States minister, Mr. Hannis Taylor, as soon as he was accidentally informed that the Spanish government contemplated making such an appeal to European powers. Since then Don Antonio Canovas del Castillo ceased to look to Europe for assistance, and he has trusted to the sole resources of Spain for a final and decisive effort in Cuba, to use his own words.

ARTHUR HOUGHTON, *Madrid.*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THIS BUSY WORLD

The joint Congressional Library Committee is understood to have decided that it will not be necessary to examine the accounts of Librarian Spofford. The members have satisfied themselves that Mr. Spofford owes the government nothing, and that the discrepancy in his accounts, due to his irregular methods of book-keeping, has all been satisfactorily straightened out. They think Mr. Spofford's duties have been too complicated, and hope to simplify them by recommending the appointment of a registrar of copyright. Mr. Spofford has been a victim of an outgrown system. To be librarian of the largest library in the United States is quite enough of a task, without complicating it with the machinery of copyrights.

Joseph James Cheeseman, President of Liberia, who died November 11, was serving his third two-year term. He was born in Liberia in 1843, the son of parents who had been sent out to the colony by the American Colonization Society. He was educated in the Liberian schools, succeeded as a merchant, and in 1868 was ordained pastor of a Baptist church, in which he continued to serve until first chosen President, in May, 1891. In the course of his promotion he had held many offices in church and state; had been President of the Liberian Baptist Association, Superintendent of Baptist Missions, President of the Missionary Convention, County Clerk, Collector, Mayor of Edina, Representative, and Judge. The Vice-President, W. D. Coleman, is his successor.

The authorized family biography of Tennyson, by his son, will be published during the course of the coming year. Tennyson died in October, 1892, more than four years ago, and his biographers cannot be accused of heedless haste. It was rumored in England some time since that the book was finished, but that publication was delayed because a great deal of the matter, especially relating to the poet's early years, was of such a character that the biographer felt constrained to submit it to the approval of individuals and families concerned. The London *Academy*, however, contradicts this report, and says it is authorized to say that the only cause of delay has been the magnitude of the work.

The gift of the State of Massachusetts to the battle-ship which bears her name is not the familiar silver service, but a bronze statue of Victory, six feet high, and holding a sword in both hands. The statue has been affixed to the forward turret, where it will be conspicuous. Some naval officers are of the opinion that a silver service is a handier remembrance to have aboard a war-ship than a bronze image. The position of the statue is questioned also, and it is not unanimously conceded that the turret forms a suitable pedestal for it. Naval-Constructor Bowles approves both the statue and its setting, and makes the very apposite point that the statue, placed as it is, will always be in view of the crew, whereas a silver service would not. The *Massachusetts*, at this writing, is at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard—and the statue is draped pending its unveiling, which may be deferred until the ship goes to Boston. No life-preserver or defensive armor has been prepared for the Victory. It is intended that she shall take the chances of battle and marine mishap, and go with the ship.

Major Winchester Dana Osgood, who was killed on October 18 at the siege of Guimaro, in Cuba, while fighting on the Cuban side, was a student and athlete of Cornell who entered college in 1888 and won attention as an oarsman and football-player. His activity as an athlete seems to have been incessant while he remained at Cornell, and his muscular development is described as very remarkable. In 1893 he left Ithaca and entered the University of Pennsylvania, where he played football earnestly during the three years of his connection with the university, doing notable things, especially in the games with Harvard and Princeton. Apparently his tastes were rather for athletics than study, though he is described as of a somewhat religious turn of mind. He entered the Cuban service, received a commission, and is said to have won the high respect of his army associates. While in command of his battery and training one of his guns on a Spanish fort under heavy fire he was struck in the forehead by a bullet, fell on his gun, and died almost immediately. It is reported that he was the son of an officer of the United States army.

Cambridge is indignant, justly it would seem, because the Post-office Department declines to recognize its existence officially except as "Station F, Boston." The city ordered the other day of the government some thousands of stamped envelopes on which was to be printed the notice to return, if not delivered, to City Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Word came back that the printing would not be done as ordered, but the letters would be made returnable to Station F, Boston. Of course Cambridge was indignant. It got its envelopes and had them printed privately to its own taste, and now its Citizens' Trade Association is on the war-path, and its Congressman has been notified to make trouble. Harvard University, as located by the Post-office printer, is at "Station F, Boston."

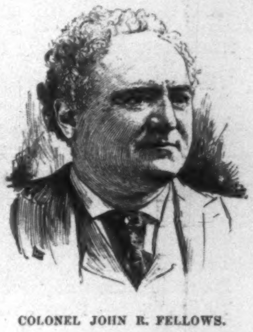
The commercial travellers are great people. Not to appreciate the importance of their labors is to acknowledge one's ignorance of the methods of trade. They are the most intrepid nomads that are left on the earth. Their travels are as continuous as their toils. They live in sleeping-cars and hotels, brave the perils of the rail, the lunch-counter, and the hotel bed; live single or apart from their families, endure all weathers and any company that offers—and all that the affinity between good goods and solvent buyers may be discerned and triumph. The attention paid to them during the late campaign attested their importance in the community. Great pains was taken, especially in Chicago, to equip them with sound fiscal and political sentiments, so that they might scatter good seed wherever they went. Their National Organization is building a Home at Binghamton, New York, for worthy indigent commercial travellers and their dependent families. It is to complete this building that the Commercial Travellers' Fair is being held in the Madison Square Garden. It began on the 15th and closes on the 28th, and through it the travellers aspire to raise $150,000. It is a great fair, full of novel shows and managed by people of enterprise. No doubt it will meet with the success that it deserves.

Dr. Abbott, the secretary of the Board of Health of Massachusetts, gives the bicycle a long mark as a factor in the improvement in the health of Massachusetts women. He says that last year, for the first time in the history of the State, there were fewer deaths by consumption of females than of males. He gives the bicycle the credit for the change. Bicycle-riding gets women out-of-doors and strengthens their lungs. Five years ago, about the time bicycles began to be prevalent, the annual rate of mortality among Massachusetts women by consumption began to decrease, and has steadily diminished ever since.

Dr. Nansen, who went so near the North Pole, is reaping the golden harvest that nowadays follows fame. Great sums have been paid him for various accounts of his arctic experiences, and the end is by no means yet. He is to write a series of articles for the Scottish Geographical Society's Journal, in which no doubt he will treat especially of such matters as interest geographers and scientists. His book, the American edition of which, published by the Harpers, will be out in February, will be for popular reading, like *Through the Dark Continent* or *The Land of the Midnight Sun.*

Mr. C. E. Akers, the author of the article in this number of the Weekly on the situation in Cuba, is the Cuban correspondent of the London *Times*, and the man through whom most of the real information that we have had about recent Cuban concerns has come. His letters in the London *Times* have been accepted as trustworthy while news from most other sources has been doubted, weighed, and very often found wanting.

Mr. Arthur Houghton, who contributes to this same number the article on the attitude of the Spanish people towards the United States, is the correspondent of the London *News* in Madrid, and is regarded as the most competent journalist now in Spain.



COLONEL JOHN R. FELLOWS.

District-Attorney John R. Fellows, who died December 7, was one of the men so familiar in New York's history who came full grown to the metropolis, with abilities shaped and developed in other fields. He was born in 1832, in Troy; but his father soon moved to a farm in Saratoga County, where he grew up a farmer's boy. When he was about eighteen years old he went to his uncle, who had a plantation in Camden, Arkansas. By that time his gift of speech had begun to show itself, and he soon studied law, and made rapid progress in practice. When the question of secession came it found him eloquent and influential, and a member of the State Senate. He fought secession with all his might; but when it came he went with his State, entered the Confederate army as captain, gained the rank of colonel, was taken prisoner, and held till the close of the war.

Governor Seymour, who was in Arkansas in 1868, heard him speak, and had him enrolled on the National Democratic Committee's list of speakers for the campaign of that year. That brought him to New York, where his abilities were so promptly appreciated that after election he brought his family North and settled here. He entered politics, and was appointed assistant to District-Attorney Garvin. From that time till his death his connection with the District Attorney's office was almost continuous. He was elected District Attorney in 1887, and again in 1893. Nothing in his career is so much to his credit as his patriotic and useful labors during the recent campaign.

The members of the Calumet and Racquet clubs believe that they have enough in common to warrant the expectation that they can live together in harmony, and if present purposes are carried out the Calumet will presently abandon its leased home on Twenty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue and be merged into the Racquet on Forty-third Street. The Racquet provides everything in the way of food and drink and social opportunity that other clubs offer, and excellent opportunities for physical exercise besides. It has room for the Calumet men, and the prospect is that presently New York will have one club less without serious abridgment of any one's comfort.

Instead of their annual dinner, the Columbia alumni will substitute this year a supper and a "smoker," somewhat after the model of the German "Kneipe." The date, December 15, is at this writing still in prospect. A model of the new university building is to be shown, and after the meeting supper will be served at small tables. The innovation seems judicious, as giving more chance for talk and the hobnobbing of classmates.

The satisfaction of the graduates with the adoption of the long-desired dormitory system is likely to find expression at this supper, and possibly the plans of Messrs. Heins and La Farge for the new dormitory building, mentioned in the Weekly last week, will be shown. This building, which will be known as Hamilton Court, differs in many particulars from other college dormitories. It will be nine stories high, of Dutch architecture, and made of stone, brick, and terra-cotta. Each floor will house a hundred students, and on each floor will be a common room where students may meet. The rooms will be furnished, which is unusual in college dormitories, and will be either single or divided into suites of one or two bedrooms and a study. Each room or suite will connect with a bath-room. The plan is that the lodgers shall take their meals in the building. The dining-rooms will be in the ninth story, and there will be several of them, thus securing greater quiet and comfort. The plans include provision for apartments for a resident physician, and for a barber-shop, a drug-store, bicycle-rooms, and most of the conveniences of a large hotel or club. It is expected that students will be able to live in the building at a cost of about ten dollars a week. The taste and ingenuity of the architects are very highly praised, and the fact that their plans are so fully approved is understood to have made the immediate erection of the building possible. It is hoped to have it completed and ready for occupation next fall.

The Tree-planting Association of New York held its annual meeting on December 8, at the Wool Club, and discussed methods and prospects of promoting the umbrageousness of the city. The association has an adequate membership of gentlemen of distinction, weight, intelligence, and an admirable solvency. If anybody can make trees grow in the streets of New York the Tree-planting Association ought to do it, but it looks like a difficult job. The kind of shade tree that New York needs is one that may be planted through a hole of limited diameter in a flag-stone, and will take root and thrive on a diet of ashes, gas, and vagrant electricity. It should get its water through its leaves, and convey what is necessary to its roots. Its roots, in turn, should twine themselves about the gas-pipes, and if possible extract from them sufficient illuminating material to light up the foliage at night, since trees whose foliage is not luminous after dark are imperfectly suited to metropolitan use. Nature has been somewhat niggardly in supplying trees of these abilities, and the most the Tree-planting Association hopes to do is to select out of what she does offer the trees that will make the best efforts on the least earth, water, and sunshine, and the most gas and pavement. The Norway maple is recommended as a hardy and conscientious tree that could be counted on to do its best in a down-town street. Nurserymen can be found who would agree to plant a suitable tree in fresh and suitable earth on the edge of a sidewalk, protect it with a wire enclosure, and keep it alive two years for about twenty-two dollars, so no doubt the experiment will have plenty of trials.

The association is not concerned as yet with the possibility that its trees may grow so much as to shut off too much light from dwellings. Perhaps the chance of that is not imminent enough to be cause for anxiety, but a thing that is likely to be troublesome from the start is the tendency of business to spread into residence streets. In business streets trees, as a rule, are not wanted, and persons bent on gain, who own property on residence streets which they wish to rent or to sell for business purposes, are apt to cut down all the trees they can control betimes, by way of an invitation to trade. Of course on the Boulevard and the Riverside Drive and other avenues of upper New York trees will grow, and should grow freely. But the lower and middle portions of the island form a tolerably arid district. We shall see such trees there as we shall see. If they can be grown, the Tree-planting Association ought certainly to be able to grow them.

One of the recent suggestions of scientific writers is that physically the Americans are slowly developing likenesses to the Indians. The tendency of reversion to the type indigenous to the soil is matter of discussion among the learned, and American anthropologists have been slow to concede that we are growing like the red men. Parisian savants, however, taking unprejudiced views, are more favorable to the theory, and assume to have found anthropological statistics that support it. It is matter of common observation that American descendants of natives of other continents who come here are modified physically as well as intellectually by their environment, but the changes from various intermarriages and from differences of food and manner of life are so rapid, compared with the gradual changes that come from soil and climate, that these latter are apt to be overlooked. Let us watch the Southern negroes. They intermarry among themselves nowadays, and are not so much affected as they used to be by admixtures of white blood. If in the course of a few centuries they show a tendency to grow copper-colored and straight-haired, it will be an argument in the new theory's favor, and we may look to our own cheek-bones and noses.

A Princeton professor, Mr. Hinton, has invented and patented a gun that pitches a baseball which curves in its flight according to the intentions of the marksman. Mr. Hinton is an Englishman, a graduate of Oxford, who came to Princeton from Yokohama, where he had a boys' school. He was a constant cricketer in England, and long before he came to this country had developed an interest in the American practice of pitching baseballs in curves. When he got to Princeton he learned how to do it himself. Then he determined that the Princeton batsmen needed much more practice than the pitchers they had could give them, for pitching curved balls is very hard work and uses men up. So he set to work to make a machine that would pitch, and after a great deal of study and experiment he seems to have succeeded. His machine is a gun, the power is powder, and it is said to work well, so that it promises to be as useful to the Princeton nine as the tackling-machine which is kept in the Princeton gymnasium has been to the eleven. Thus again has intellect despatched a Frankenstein to compete with human thews and perhaps cheapen labor. To have invented a pitcher is great, though the human element in pitchers is interesting, and it is likely to be some time before the machine wholly supersedes the man. The spot where the human element might be eliminated to advantage is the umpire's place. If, while his mind is still on sport, Mr. Hinton can invent an umpire who shall prove accurate and reliable, and adaptable to baseball, football, and prize-fights, he will not only do a great service to the cause of sport, but make his own fortune in the process. All that is wanted of an umpire is accuracy and prompt action. One with a dial face and "works" in him, incapable of prejudice or error, would be ideal. E. S. Martin.

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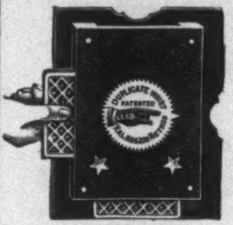

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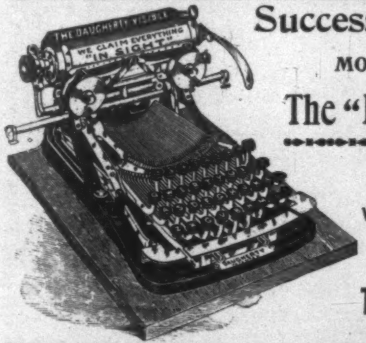

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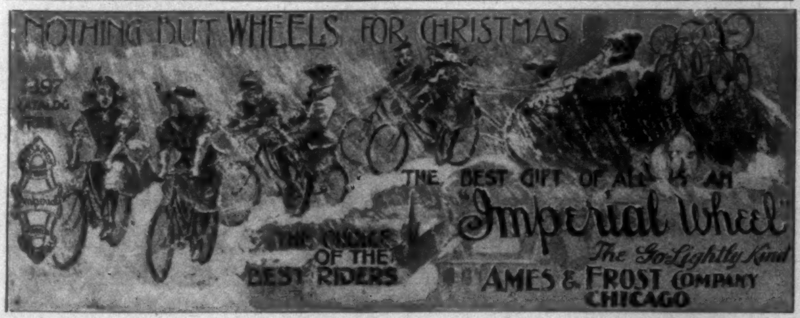

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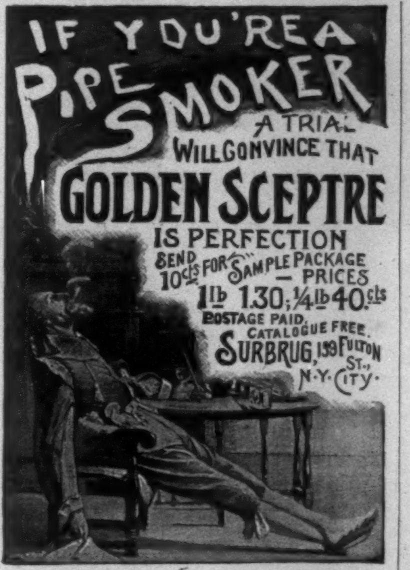

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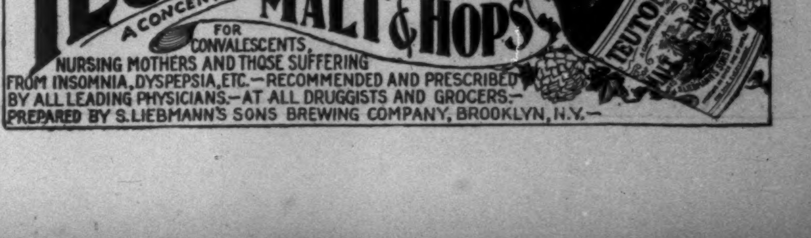

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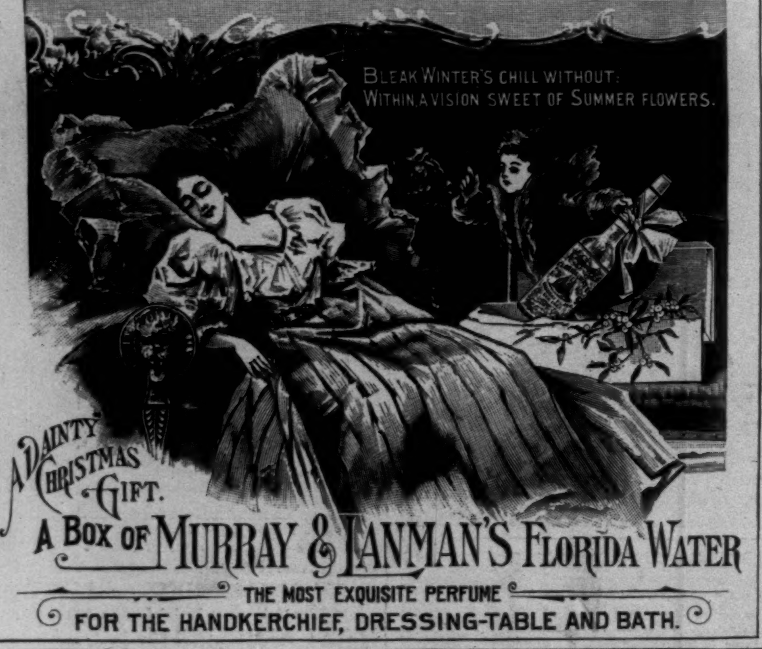
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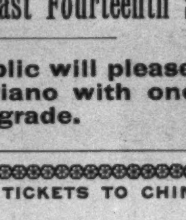
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CAPTAIN COCHRAN,
of Princeton Eleven.

WEST POINT BEGAN THE SEASON with but four men who had previously played on the Academy team—Connor, captain and half-back; Savage, end; Williams, guard; and Romeyn, full-back. Until October 1 the eleven was without a regular coach, being assisted on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons only by Harmon Graves, the old Trinity and Yale half-back. Despite this drawback, however, and the new material for seven of the positions, the team was in fairly good shape for its first game, October 3, with Tufts College, which in 20 and 15 minute halves it defeated by a score of 27–0. Hall, centre, played his first game of football on this occasion, and Nesbitt and Scales their first against an outside team. Trinity was obliged to cancel her game for October 10, owing to her hard play with Harvard two days before, and so much needed practice was lost to fit the cadet team for its game with Princeton on the 17th. Princeton defeated West Point, 11–0, kicking a goal from the field in the first half, and scoring a touch-down and goal in the second. The notable features of West Point's play in this game were the splendid defensive work of Connor and Scales, the latter playing against Church at tackle, and proving himself to be very strong in the position. In fact, Connor's tackling has never been excelled by a West Point player.

October 24 West Point met and defeated Union, 44–0.

On the 31st of the same month Yale beat the cadets, 16–2. With the single exception of blocking kicks, the West Point line put up about as strong a game as their opponents, but this strength was fatal to West Point, for Yale scored one touch-down and made most of her gains by blocking kicks, and twice fumbles on the first down near Yale's 25-yard line shattered West Point's hope of scoring. Connor and Nesbitt did good end running, both keeping with their interference in fine form.

ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING games of the season was that on November 7, when the cadets tied Wesleyan, 12–12, making three touch-downs to opponents' two, but failing on all the tries for goal. West Point in this game was without the services of Nesbitt, Connor, and Scales, which greatly detracted from the strength of the team.

November 21 West Point played its last game of the season, and defeated Brown, 8–6, after a hard struggle. Nearly all the offensive work in the first half was done by Connor and Nesbitt, but Brown was sharp in tackling, and eventually succeeded in scoring a touch-down and goal. In the second half two brilliant runs by West Point's quarter, E. H. Humphrey, took the ball into Brown's territory after the kick-off, and two runs by Connor, and one each by Nesbitt, Scales, and Gillmore, carried it over the line for a touch-down. Almost the same plays scored for West Point again, except that a plunge of seven yards through the centre by Romeyn finally made the second score, the cadets failing at goal on both occasions.

OF THE WEST POINT ELEVEN four have particularly distinguished themselves throughout the season—Connor, Nesbitt, Scales, and Hall.

Connor's half-back work compares very favorably with that of any other half-back seen on the West Point Parade-Ground this season. He is a fast runner, holding the Academy record of 10¼ seconds for 100 yards, and his end-skirting and defensive work have been especially brilliant. He follows his interference closely, and uses his arm well in warding off tacklers—rather a lost art in this day of closely formed interference. His tackling is low and sure, he never loses sight of the ball, and is especially clever in diagnosing the opponents' play.

Nesbitt is a new man, but has proved an excellent back. He is especially strong in line-bucking, and opposing teams have found him a very hard man to stop. He runs low and keeps well with his interference, and although so new to the game, is considered a prominent candidate for the next year's captaincy.

SCALES PLAYED TACKLE for the first time this year, having been the scrub centre two years ago. He proved to be so good a man that opposing tackles pronounced him one of the hardest they had encountered during the season. It was noticeable that his side of the line was tried but twice during the second half of the Yale game, and that with a net loss of about five yards. His running with the ball was strong, as the gains through Murphy of Yale and long runs against Brown proved. Although weighing 192 pounds, he is very active, and one of the best jumpers in the corps of cadets.

Hall, the centre, never handled a football before September 1 of this year, but one would not have supposed such to be the case, judged by his work against Princeton, Yale, and Brown. He did not appear to much disadvantage compared with Gailey and Chamberlain, and he clearly outclassed Brown's centre—Hall. In nearly every game he played he has tackled men behind the line.

The general play of West Point has been sharp and well started, the interference forming quickly and the end running being particularly strong. The tackling was good and the line-bucking strong; the kicking was the weakest feature of the team.

ANNAPOLIS PUT FORTH THIS YEAR the fastest team in its history, while the precision with which plays were started, and the concerted action and dash by which they were carried out, gave as much strength in both offensive and defensive work as any eleven that has ever represented the Academy. And here again we find the result of determination and hard work and loyalty, for at the beginning of the season there were left of the '95 regular team only Halligan, Fisher, Pavell and Williams. So, with seven positions to fill, Annapolis turned out one of its best teams, for which, by-the-way, considerable credit is due John P. Poe, Jun., Princeton, '95, for developing so much about so small a nucleus.

After only five days' practice and with eight new men picked from the 240 cadets in attendance, Annapolis played its first game, with Pennsylvania, which had just finished three weeks of training with a comparatively veteran team, and was beaten, 8–0. Franklin and Marshall and St. John's College were next met, and defeated by the respective scores of 49–0 and 50–0. The Pennsylvania Reserves won from the cadets, 6–0, but by the time Annapolis met Lehigh, its next game, much improvement was noticeable, and Lehigh was defeated by 24–10, the play being especially snappy, and the punting of Wood most valuable.

ONE OF THE BEST GAMES of the season was that against the North Atlantic Squadron, a strong team of stars picked from Annapolis graduates of the last three years. It was a great game and a fast one, and although the individual work of the Squadron excelled in some instances that of the cadets, the team-play of the latter was infinitely better, and eventually carried the day by the score of 11–5.

Annapolis's last game, and perhaps its most creditable one, notwithstanding its defeat, 6–18, was against the strong Lafayette eleven. At the end of the first half the score was 6–0 in the cadets' favor, but Lafayette's strength and weight told in the second half, and Annapolis went down, fighting hard to the last, but with the satisfaction of having scored more points against Lafayette this season than had any other team.

THE CADET TEAM THIS YEAR was very evenly balanced, with Halligan, Pavell, Richardson, Landis, and Tardy showing probably the most notable work. Captain Pavell deserves especial mention not only for the excellence of his individual play at half-back, but for his commendable direction of the team. He is a clean, strong runner, and a clear-headed captain.

Tardy is somewhat of a football wonder; he weighs only 150 pounds, yet he played centre, and is really the best and most aggressive man for his weight I ever saw. That his position was not the weak spot in the cadet line against the heavy teams they met is sufficient indication of Tardy's merit. In addition he organized and ran the "hustlers" (scrub team), which gave the cadets their best practice.

ROBERT P. WILSON,
Captain of Wesleyan Eleven.

Richardson, who was Pavell's partner behind the line, is a new man, but a very good and promising one, being a fast and powerful ground-gainer, although he weighs but 151 pounds. Halligan at left guard was one of the most valuable men in the cadet line, and second only to the very brilliant stars in the country at that position. He has been elected captain for '97. Landis at tackle is a very strong ground-gainer, as well as one of the most difficult of men to block.

The particular strength of the team was in the variety and sharpness of its attack. Annapolis teams have always been light, and this year's was no exception, averaging but a little over 160 pounds. This year they refused to play with athletic-club teams, and until more confidence is had in the amateur status of these elevens, the example of the cadets should be followed by all colleges.

THERE IS EVERY REASON for gratification in viewing the football season just closed in the middle West. At no time since the game was taken up has there been such a commendable spirit of moderation in play, or so clear a conception of the qualifications necessary to an amateur, or such evident earnestness to attain them. And the most encouraging feature of the new spirit is the determination seen in several directions to persevere in the right path, regardless of what rivals may be doing.

Of these fearless workers in the good cause Illinois is again entitled to first place on the roll of honor. This college has lived up to the spirit as well as to the letter of the law. She might have strengthened her eleven, and there is really something almost heroic in this comparatively little institution holding her ethical ground against all comers, and abstaining from playing good men because of the six-months rule, which the greater number of those around her were violating.

President Draper teaches a different doctrine from President Adams.

Minnesota is another college which has refrained from rushing through a loop-hole made by a rival's disregard for rules. In so much as her chief rival is Wisconsin, and her big game with that university, she might, when Wisconsin repudiated her own rules in order to strengthen her eleven, easily have followed the example; but to her credit be it recorded that she abided by the rules which her representative at the Chicago conference of '95 had agreed to. In fact, all the universities save Wisconsin have shown an earnest desire for wholesome sport, and while there is yet something more to be done, the year of '96 closes in a very much cleared atmosphere. As for Wisconsin—from being a leader in reform in '95, she sank in '96 to the unenviable position of being the most prominent offender, and closed a year which some day she will wish could be forever blotted off her athletic records.

THERE WAS A RECENT CONFERENCE in Chicago for the purpose of revising present rules by the light of the past season's experiences, and although we have received no official word that the suggestions made at that time are to

Smith (E.). Fisher (R. G.). Smith (Sub. G. or T.). McCarthy (L. E.). Williams (Sub. H.-B.).

Shea (R. E.). Richardson (R. H.). Tardy (C.). Pavell, Capt. (L. H.). Halligan (L. G.). Graham (L. T.).
Henderson (F.-B.). Landis (R. T.). Asserson (Q.-B.).

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY ELEVEN, ANNAPOLIS.

be permanently added to the present rules, it is to be hoped that, with some corrections, such will be the eventual result. Those in attendance were Professor Benton (University of Minnesota), Professor Knowlton (University of Michigan), Professor Stone (Purdue University), Professor Everett (University of Illinois), Professor Birge (University of Wisconsin), Professor Clark (Northwestern University), and Professor Stagg (University of Chicago).

Of the suggested rules, the most important was that touching a man's residence, it being provided that a candidate for athletic teams must, if he has come from another college and has no degree, have resided in college a year before being eligible. This is an excellent and much-needed rule in the West, but its good was nullified by adding that a man who has taken a degree at one college may change to another and play without the residence qualification.

THE NUMBER OF YEARS an undergraduate may play was determined to be four—also a much-needed rule in the West, but again much of its good effect is lessened by giving a graduate two additional years of play. In other words, a man may really play six years at one college. The suggested rules do not explain whether the four years of play are to be counted from the time the athlete played on any college team, or whether he may have four years of play on the team of every college towards which his fancy directs him.

It would be well to have this clearly expounded before the proposed rules are finally adopted. Another suggestion was that no student who had played on any college team without having been in residence six months of the year in which he played shall be eligible again until he shall have been in residence six months. The present rule prohibiting colleges arranging games with teams representing so-called athletic clubs was changed to read, "A college team shall play only teams representing educational institutions."

THIS IS ALL VERY GOOD, and we hope the suggestions will be accepted, though if the West will profit by the experience of the East, it will cut off the additional privileges accorded graduate players and those having degrees. These graduated players proved one of the most distinct menaces to wholesome sport here in the East, and we fancy human nature differs little, whether it reside on the Atlantic coast or one thousand miles westward.

Indeed, the members of this conference may at home view the workings of the graduated player. Atkinson played five years on the Beliot team before he went to Wisconsin for football this year. May he now play six years at Wisconsin? Karel, another of Wisconsin's impressed players, has played four years, and now, after graduating from the law-school, is back taking the Senior year in the undergraduate department.

THERE ARE TWO OTHER MATTERS which cannot be adjusted by rule, and yet are really most important—in fact, constitute the woof of the ethical fabric—and these are (1) ethical, athletically speaking, ignorance of faculty members who are the athletic sponsors for their respective colleges; (2) annual chase of that black beast of college sport—a championship.

Of course ignorance is frequently pleaded as a subterfuge; of that I am well aware; but I refer to honest ignorance of the ethics and the rules of amateur sport. It is surprisingly extensive. If this conference of professors would draw up a brief set of rules governing the sport of the colleges they represent, and a clear, concise definition of an amateur, and have them printed and distributed throughout the Western colleges,—it would be a fruitful piece of missionary work. Certainly there is a most hazy conception of the qualifications needful to eligibility, and in unexpected quarters; for instance, a Western college president within my knowledge recently justified the playing of the regular gymnastic instructor on the college team by saying, "Oh, A—— is taking a course in history; he is eligible!"

If I am thought to be exaggerating the ignorance of Western students as to just what constitutes an amateur, perhaps the following letter, addressed to the President of the Athletic Association of Illinois University—from the Vice-President of the Oberlin College Athletic Association—may be convincing:

> ELYRIA, O., *April 8, 1896.*
>
> *President Athletic Association:*
>
> DEAR SIR,—As it is about time to begin work in field athletics, I write you to see whether I can make arrangements with your association as coach for your track team. I have been in field athletics for four or five years. As to my ability in them and as coach, I will refer you to any of the above-named officers, or H. A. Young, track captain of Oberlin College Athletic Association. I would like to take a study or two, and what pay I should receive from you would be my expenses, etc., as I wish to keep my amateur standing. Please let me know as soon as possible if you can do anything about this.
>
> Yours sincerely, ALBERT M. WEBSTER.

And there are others.

AS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP FETISH,—it is the most misguiding spirit of college sport. I thought the West too progressive to be paying tribute to a custom which in the East we have long since abandoned. And the curious part of the Western pilgrimage is the fact of its being led by an Eastern man. Stagg seems to have forgotten the principles instilled with his athletic education at Yale, for, lo! he appears in the West as the most violent claimant for a championship. Even though a championship was to be awarded, the record of the Chicago University eleven does not substantiate the claim of its coach, and so Stagg's pretension to that honor is untenable. More important yet,—all the commotion about a championship has an unhealthful influence on competitive collegiate sport. Teams may be classified on individual opinion as to respective strength, but no eleven may claim a championship unless it has met and defeated every other eleven in the country. As that is manifestly impossible, the obnoxious word championship has been eliminated from intercollegiate sport, save in track athletics, in which an annual meeting is held for the precise purpose of determining such questions.

ALL THE WESTERN TEAMS showed an improvement in play over '95, particularly in the kicking game, and the general form of the five leading college elevens came nearer the Eastern standard than ever before. There is, in fact, little to choose between the Western teams. Michigan, with one defeat, scored 18 points to her opponents' 11; Northwestern, with a single defeat, scored 58 points to her opponents' 30; Minnesota's record of points has not reached me, but the team won all its games but two, and one of these, lost to Michigan, 6–4, from all I can learn, seems to have been due to a questionable decision of the referee rather than to superior playing by Michigan. In fact, the consensus of opinion declares Minnesota to have played the better game. Chicago's record shows two defeats, by scores of 46–6 and 24–0, and only 31 points scored against opponents' 82. It will be seen from this that if there is a championship out West, Chicago cannot be considered as a very promising candidate for it.

Northwestern did not meet Michigan, and neither Northwestern nor Chicago played Minnesota—probably happily for their comfort.

ALTHOUGH NO INDIVIDUAL showed sufficient skill to merit a place on the All-America eleven, several of them played well enough to be entitled to honorable mention. At guard, Harding of Minnesota this year played an excellent game. He is a big man, fast, a power in the interference, a great ground-gainer, and a sure tackler. In general work up in the line, however, while he plays steadily and low, there are several other Western men who can give him an argument. At the tackle positions there are Pyre of Wisconsin, and Henninger and Villa of Michigan. Henninger is fast on his feet, breaks through well, and gets down on kicks about as fast as the ends; he is, moreover, a good ground-gainer. Pyre is a great defence player, one of the most dashing tackles in the West, and a player of experience and judgment, although in all-round qualifications perhaps not the equal of Henninger. Villa is little inferior to either, and all would make a strong showing in any company.

Of the other line-men Harrison of Minnesota, end rush, is easily the most deserving of mention. This year, despite the worriment attending the captaincy, he has played the best end game in the West. He gets through interference in good style, follows the ball closely, and tackles hard and low. Withal he is a good ground-gainer.

BEHIND THE LINE Herchberger of Chicago and Richards of Wisconsin at full-back, Van Doozer of Northwestern and Ferbert of Michigan at half-back positions, are the most notable candidates for consideration. Herchberger is undoubtedly the most expert drop-kicker in the West, and there is none in the East whose record in that particular very much excels the Chicago man. His punting is also good, and his running strong. It was, in fact, due to his punting and a field goal from the 35-yard line that won Chicago the in-door game against Michigan. But drop-kicking is not to be taken as the sole criterion of a man's worth, and certainly not in-door kicking, where the conditions, of course, are perfect. In my judgment Richards, although he cannot drop-kick at all, would be the more valuable man to a team. He has punted better on the average through the season, while in running with the ball, in defence and in interference, Richards is the better man. Richards's gains through centre have been on very poor openings, for his guards, being somewhat lighter than their opponents on every occasion, have not been successful in making holes for the runners. Besides, Richards knows the game better, is faster, more alert, and altogether a very much superior man. Had he been well supported by interference throughout the season, his record for ground-gaining would be better; it is praiseworthy as it is, especially taking the circumstances into consideration.

VAN DOOZER IS UNDOUBTEDLY the best half-back in the West, and had he been supported by skilful interference this year, his record would place him close to the most brilliant men in the East. I consider him as good a natural half as is playing football to-day—properly developed and adequately supported, none would be better. As it is, his work is wanting in the *finesse* of the game, so to say, and his coachers have not nearly made him so valuable to the eleven as he has it in him to be. He weighs about 175 pounds, runs low and fast, and hits the line with terrific force. He has speed enough to carry his weight, and is not merely a big plunger. More than that, he is a fine defence player, but is weak on handling kicks. Ferbert is a good end runner and strong on the defensive, but is light, and, like Van Doozer, is weak in the kicking department.

Other men who have done well in their positions are Comstock (Wisconsin); Place (Northwestern) and Cavanagh (Chicago), at centre; Leving (Northwestern) and Carr (Michigan), at guard; Brewer (Wisconsin) and Sieberts (Northwestern), at end; Gregg (Wisconsin) and Clarke (Chicago), at quarter; Potter (Northwestern) and Nelson (Wisconsin), half-backs; and Loomis (Minnesota), full-back. Of these Gregg is a very good all-round quarter. Nelson and Carr have suffered from injuries all the season, so that neither has been able to play his best game; and the same is true of Brewer, whom, with Leving and Cavanagh, I expect to see make enviable records with another year's experience.

ONE OF THE SMALLER COLLEGE elevens deserving praise is that of Beloit. It is one of the few in the West whose teams are made up entirely of undergraduates. Beloit depends wholly on these; and, furthermore, the faculty allows no men on the team who cannot maintain a prescribed standard of scholarship. Here is a little college of only four hundred students, which, out of the new West, sends forth an urgent appeal to those older Eastern colleges, that enforce no standard of scholarship upon athletes, to raise one in the interest of wholesome college sport. Beloit this year had an exceptionally good football eleven, which played together strongly and quickly. There were no stars; but the combination of strength, skill, and discipline made a team that performed with great credit to the college. It was able to tie both Northwestern, on her own grounds, and Wisconsin. In the Wisconsin game Beloit suffered much at the hands of its opponent, which team and its coach, Phil King, gave probably the most disgusting exhibition of bullying to which any college was ever subjected.

The first half of the game was played without any slugging or disputes, except that King had repeatedly to be warned off the field for coaching Wisconsin between plays. In the second half, Beloit so surprised Wisconsin by her strong play that it seemed to frenzy the latter, and slugging and piling up with slow recovery to use up time were resorted to. King, in open disregard of all rules, stood behind his men almost continuously in the last of this half, yelling out in the middle of the play the Beloit signals, which he had deciphered, and urging and damning his men.

Truly Wisconsin's present season has been a malodorous one.

ANOTHER WESTERN INSTITUTION that has labored in the athletic field under difficulties, and is therefore the more entitled to encouragement for such success as it has attained, is the Case School of Applied Science at Cleveland, Ohio. There are many colleges in Ohio—one group in the southern part organized into an Inter-collegiate Association, and in the northern part of the State Oberlin, Western Reserve University, and the Case School usually have an inter-university schedule arranged. Oberlin is much the largest of these three, and has had the additional advantage given by games with outside teams. Case is a technical school, having a severe course of study, and but little time for practice. A high grade of scholarship is required of all players, and there are but 225 students, about half of whom live in the city, to the increased difficulty of enforcing training-rules.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-three was Case's third season of football, and the first successful one. In that year her team met the best eleven in the State, and made a total season's score of 120 to opponents' 8 points; among others, giving Oberlin her only defeat (22–8) of the year, after she had played Chicago and Illinois.

AT THE BEGINNING of this year the football association of the school had no money, and few players of experience. Alva Smith, captain of the '93 and '94 teams, generously offered his services as coach three afternoons a week. Of the first four games only one was a victory for Case. The fifth game showed results of training, and Wittenberg was beaten, 12–0. Oberlin was next met, and in mud ankle-deep Case was defeated, 34–0, having had the ball but three times during the game.

The score was hardly a fair comparison of the relative merits of the two teams, as the subsequent defeat of Western Reserve proved. Western Reserve had played two games with Oberlin, one resulting 6–6, and the other in a disputed score of either 4–0 or 0–0. I go into this detail to show Eastern college men the sportsmanly spirit of these boys, who struggle on for their game despite the handicaps.

It carries a suggestion, too, of the firm hold football has upon the affections of Young America.

IN THE MIDST of the athletic uncleanliness which has ruled in football in Pittsburg and Western Pennsylvania, it is a pleasure to regard the more wholesome sport at Washington and Jefferson College, and to record a recent game between the eleven of this institution and the Duquesne Athletic Club, in which the men of the latter team were regular members of the club and amateurs. The fact that the clubs of Pittsburg have been converted to clean amateur sport would of itself be subject for much rejoicing; that, however, the list of penitents should include so powerful and socially popular an organization as the Duquesne Country Club gives earnest that we have seen the last of unwholesome football at Pittsburg, at least among reputable people. In addition, I have written assurance from one of the club's sponsors that it has not directly or indirectly this year paid a dollar to any member of its eleven, and that it will not again do so. We extend our sincere congratulations, and prophesy greater success in the future than has rewarded the unhealthful methods of the past. That the public is not in sympathy with "induced" and "imported" and altogether unwholesome elevens, the comparison of attendance at the games at Pittsburg this year proved.

The much-advertised and wholly obnoxious games between the club teams composed of imported stars drew but a beggarly crowd, with no enthusiasm, while the Washington and Jefferson and Duquesne game attracted the largest number of spectators seen this year at Pittsburg.

The record of W. and J. college team—184 points, and no score by an opponent—is a merited reward for a season of wholesome football honestly played.

SOMETHING OUGHT TO BE DONE by the college faculties, and without loss of time, to put an end to these football junketings which every year, about this season, are labelled "the annual holiday trip" of the Yale or Princeton or Harvard, as the case may be, "consolidated football team," and projected Southward to play a schedule arranged with every Tom, Dick, and Harry aggregation that can be scraped together to draw a gate.

Of course the college whose name is borrowed never has official connection with these sporting excursions, but none the less, in so far as concerns the enrolment of their undergraduates on these companies of strolling players, the faculty of every college is answerable, and must be held responsible.

It is the summer-baseball-nine idea transferred to football, and it is just as unwholesome and fully as damaging to the amateur status of those who engage in its development. The impresario of these Southern touring elevens is usually some ex-college player with an eye to his own material prosperity rather than to healthful sport, and with no consideration whatever for the injury he does those whom he engages. As a rule, the members of these teams have been of a class equally as indifferent as the "manager" to the ethics of amateur sport, but a few of a different sort, either in ignorance or in extreme youth, have permitted their names to be attached to the enterprise every year.

It is for these we are concerned. They are laying themselves liable to charges of professionalism, and working great harm to the game. If it is in ignorance, their respective college athletic authorities should take immediate steps to lighten their way; and if indifference or viciousness, they must be regarded as unworthy further recognition in college sport. From any point of view the playing of undergraduates on these teams must be considered a menace to amateur sport, and should be instantly forbidden. The only proposed tour I know of at this moment is that of the "Yale consolidated," which, under the management of George F. Sanford, sometime player on the Yale eleven, advertises a trip the latter part of this month. Sanford is a professional, and those who join this Southern expedition will be challenged when next year they present themselves as candidates for any college or amateur team.

A rule should be enforced at all colleges prohibiting undergraduates to play on any kind of non-collegiate team which paid any of its players or charged admission to its exhibitions.

A résumé of the Southern football season, and the All-America eleven, with portraits, are reserved for next week.

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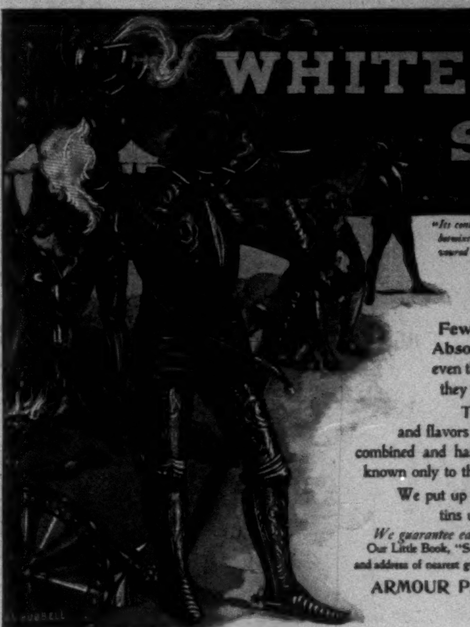

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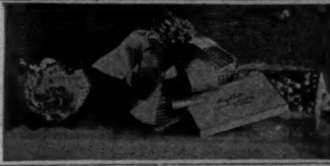

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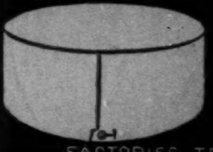

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